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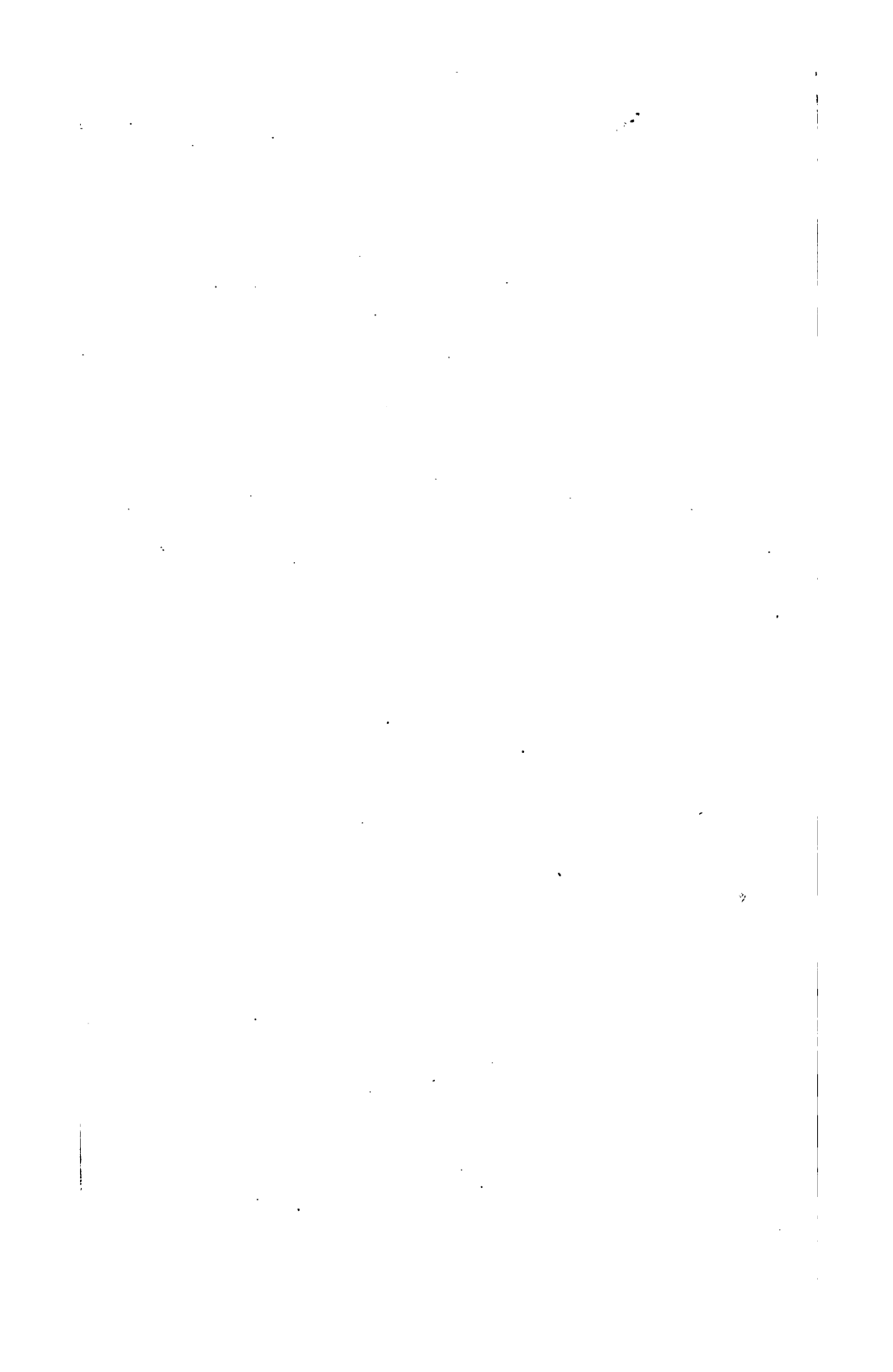
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# IMMORTALITY:

**A Poem.**

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IN SIX BOOKS.

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LONDON:

JOHN HEARNE, 81, STRAND.

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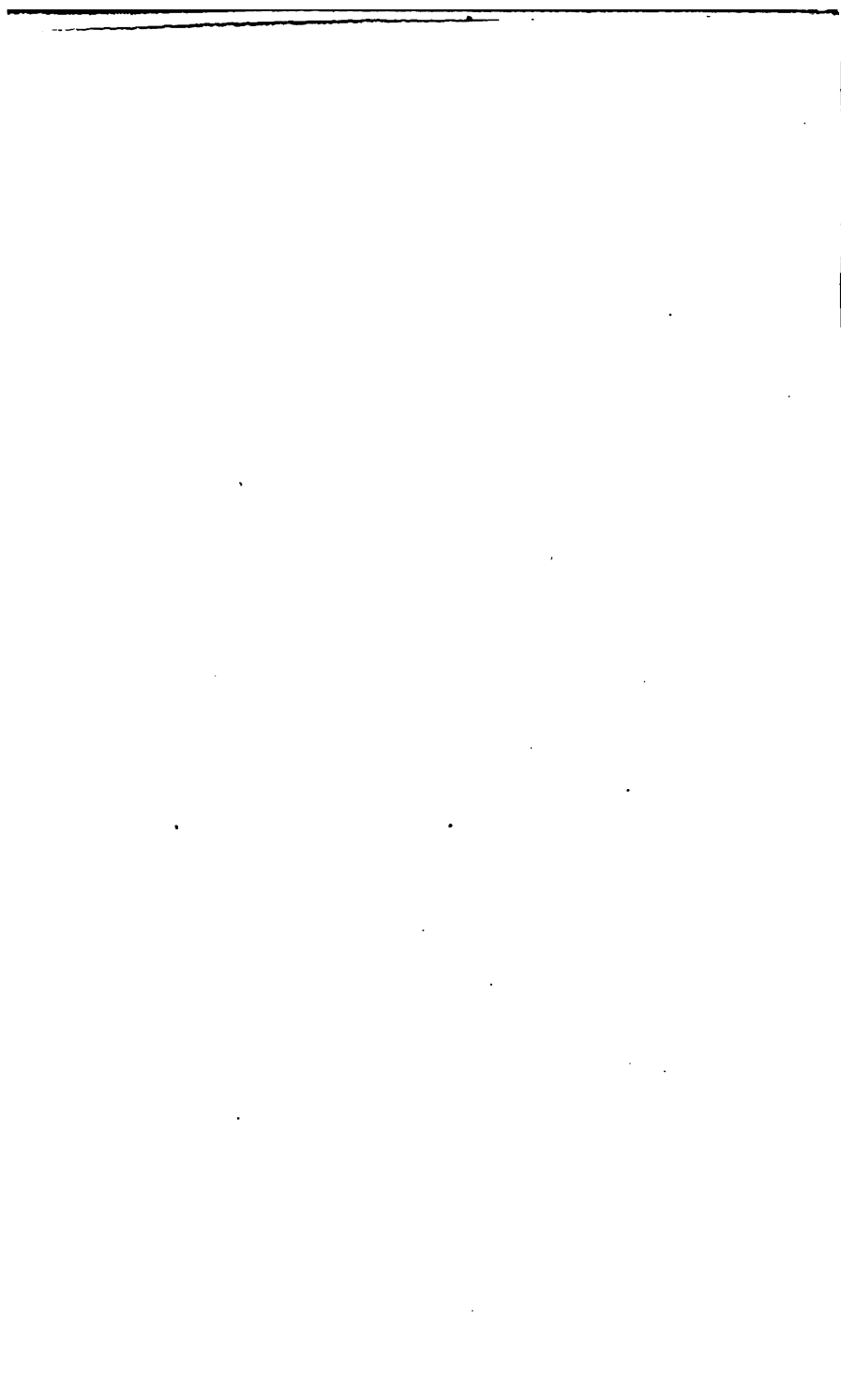
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TO MY COUNTRYMEN,  
AND OTHERS,  
THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY,  
POLITICAL AND MENTAL,  
THIS POEM  
IS DEDICATED, BY  
THE AUTHOR.







# IMMORTALITY:

A Poem.

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## BOOK I.

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SEARCH where we will, since Time and Man hath been,  
No Self-creating Power hath yet been seen.  
The wondrous stories of the olden while,  
Of plastic powers lodged in the mud of Nile,  
Deceive no more. Read nature, and 't is plain  
In all the windings of her wide domain,  
Where beasts, birds, fishes, insects walk or fly,  
Or swim or creep beneath earth's canopy,  
None have self-form'd appear'd; each owns a sire,  
Whose first sires own'd a God's creating fire.  
But men of every clime, of every name,  
The most of all the Deity proclaim;  
Their reasoning power, which sees from sire to son  
Their race continued, sees, in every one,  
A being powerless o'er himself; the last,  
With all the generations which are past  
Away, alike, by every art have striven,  
In vain, but to prolong the being given:  
None ever dream'd of self-creation! none  
Have seen the wonders of creation done.

To man alone, kind nature's law bestows  
The power of inference, from what he knows.  
Where leads it then? Of earliest time inquire!  
It points unerringly to a first sire,  
Who could not make himself; but Being owed  
To Him, who had, unask'd, his life bestowed,  
Who is THE GOD—THE ALL-INTELLIGENT,  
OMNIPOTENT CREATOR: who hath sent  
His Power Almighty through all time, all space,  
Creating every world, and every race:  
With all, the power, through all degrees of life,  
Of perpetuity of kind is rife;  
Convincing reason; shewing common sense,  
The boundless bounty of Omnipotence;  
Convincing all, to God alone we owe  
The care-full blessing of this life below.  
I hence conclude, 't is all my reason can,  
The Godhead proved, proves immortality to man:  
For were all finish'd when this life is run,  
God hath done nought, or nought worth doing done,  
As it regardeth man. Could it be so,  
Man's thoughts his Maker's works would far outgo;  
God making man to merely mortal be,—  
While man has thought of immortality!  
Yet in all else, ev'n in this blade of grass,  
God's works, man's highest thoughts infinitely surpass.  
Man shall more knowledge have when Death shall be  
Revered,—the birth of immortality.  
Hail! power sublime, who must o'er all prevail,  
True leveller of man,—O Death, all hail!  
Would I could penetrate thy wide domain;  
Could all thy awful mysteries explain

To my bewilder'd race; and shew thy laws,  
 Fix'd by TH' INTELLIGENT ETERNAL CAUSE  
 OF ALL, are in the universal plan.  
 Of equal justice, meant for doubting man;  
 And that this chequer'd scene of various fate  
 Is perfect as a probatory state:  
 Ev'n doubt itself completes this wise intent,  
 As none would rush on certain punishment.  
 Could man but see the whole of nature's plan,  
 'T would justify *Work of God in Man*.  
 O that I knew which way to stretch the wing!  
 What high rewards the God-like virtues bring,—  
 What punishments great crimes,—I'd strive to sing.  
 Whilst thus I mused, in evening's solemn hour,  
 I sank as 'neath the mildly conquering power  
 Of Death's diurnal sister—Sleep; thus free,  
 Imagination can through nature see,  
 To its far-hidden scenes unwearied fly,  
 And compass more than waking mortal eye:  
 Yet 't was not sleep, but the mind urged along  
 By influence brighter far, and far more strong;  
 An influence pointing beyond earthly cares,  
 To other worlds, and life in other spheres.  
 'T was thus I saw Death's awful form appear,  
 Not garbless, fleshless, as he's drawn by fear;  
 But as a learned seer, serenely bright,  
 Whose pleasing province 't is to lead to light—  
 Man,—groping man; whose vision cannot see  
 His wondrous state through vast eternity.  
 "Arise," he said, "and unto thee I'll shew  
 What only true poetic minds can know,—  
 What only to the favour'd few is given  
 To see,—the real Hell—the real Heaven."

Struck with astonishment, I bow'd assent,  
Not having words t' express my mind's intent :  
Feelings of awe, all utterance denied ;  
Delight the needful confidence supplied.  
When straight a cloud, bright as Aurora's blaze,  
Buoyed us from earth : as dew by solar rays  
Is raised, our smooth ascent ; but swifter far  
Than the cursed cannon speeds the shot in war ;  
Where men enslaved in bloody contests vie ;  
And, unregarded, endless thousands die,  
Mere counters in these games of tyranny.  
Such course uncheck'd, so distant took us soon,  
That our fair earth but seem'd a larger moon ;  
And as a near approach the prospect cleared,  
A lesser earth the silver moon appeared.  
Ere I had well discern'd its land and flood,  
Upon its rocky ground we firmly stood.  
In wonder lost, I to my guide applied  
For information. While on every side,  
Unnumber'd objects soon convinced my mind—  
Connected are all here with human kind.  
"Behold," said he, "where yonder nodding wood,  
Which twice ten ages of mankind hath stood  
The solar heat in' the long lunar days,  
And dreary nights, relieved by earth's soft rays  
Alone. There thou wilt on tribunals see  
Good men of ages past, who mentally  
Were heroes ; all, of wise and gentle mind,—  
Slaves, kings, plebeians, to no rank confined ;  
Selected solely from the just and wise,  
As the *first* judges of each man that dies.  
The final sentence rests with HIM alone  
Whom error knows not. Here no prayers atone,

No promise of amendment can prevail,  
Nor practice more ;—forced goodness can't avail !  
My seal impress'd affects eternity ;  
Erasure or addition cannot be.  
Go thou to them, of kind reception sure.  
By them thou 'lt learn what mankind now endure,  
And what enjoy ; through them wilt also see  
How order'd, and what heavenly contests be,  
And for what end : myself must haste away ;  
The numerous calls of each revolving day  
Will not permit that I should longer stay :  
Its scores unto my realm each minute brings,  
Of slaves, serfs, peasants, freemen, peers and kings.  
Farewell," he said, " we meet another day."  
Then straight to earth he sped his rapid way.

Thus left alone, I to the wood drew near  
With keen impatience, not unmix'd with fear :  
When there approach'd, with evident intent,  
Me to relieve of all embarrassment,  
A faultless form, that might all eyes engage ;  
Youth, beauty, vigour, with the mind of age  
In him conjoin'd, appear'd. " Hail ! Son of Earth ;"  
He said, " thou mortal visitant where Death  
Conveys thy fellow men ; come, and with me,  
Not blind, but wise, impartial justice see.  
On each side openings from this beauteous glade,  
Where trees, unnamed in mortal tongue, give shade,  
Lead to a thousand open spaces, where  
In each a seat or throne is fix'd, and there  
Sit three on each, in judgment on mankind,  
The chosen of the HIGHEST ; souls refined,  
But yet by laws immutable confined :

These laws chicanery cannot retard;  
They give to virtue, honour and reward;  
To vice, due punishment; not formed to shield  
(Like some on earth) the great man's power, or yield  
To rich and grinding robbers of the poor,  
New guards; and drive the wretched from their door.  
Confucius, Socrates, Aurelius, here  
At times, like all of virtuous fame appear;  
And thousands more unsung, of humble name,  
Well known to virtue, though unknown to fame.

“Of these am I, the humblest and the last,  
Born where oppressed Poland meets the blast  
Of the tempestuous north, a rural swain:  
To raise the furrow and to guide the wain  
Were mine, to gain my numerous children bread,  
And shield an aged mother's reverend head;  
Who taught, 'that to be just, is to be wise;  
That virtue is the only human prize  
Worthy essay—without contention won;  
Whose stream of recompense is never run,  
But follows through eternity the man  
Who, in its cause, essayeth all he can;  
His good deeds will with him in heaven appear;  
While princely revenues cease with mortals here.'  
My labour done, each night I fondly hung  
Attentive ear on her instructive tongue.  
Thus all were happy,—till the blast of war,  
Urged by th' ambitious, mean, insatiate Czar,  
Swept all our comfort, all our wealth away,—  
That genuine wealth—the food of every day.  
More fell than winds of the tempestuous north,  
When from the frozen pole they issue forth

All nature blighting, was this man to man.  
I raised my voice: ' Friends, neighbours, all who can,  
Arm! arm! resist! our injured country calls!  
Happy alone who conquers or who falls!  
What else befall, let this life never see  
Us wear th' accursed chains of slavery!  
Yes, we may view towns plunder'd, harvests waste,  
Our children houseless, trembling in the blast,—  
Our mothers, sisters, wives in want of bread,  
Or, nipp'd by famine, mingled with the dead;—  
Our dear-loved country to a desert turn'd,—  
A trackless waste, and all our cities burn'd;  
War's nameless horrors all! Yet welcome all!  
But to be free, or with our freedom fall.'  
These few plain words were like the brand of fire  
Which falls on dry combustibles: all ire  
At the unjust attack, all flew to arms;  
And all the country rang with loud alarms.  
The chosen leader of these gallant few,  
Who, to their duty and their country true,  
Rose at my call. The chieftain of the land  
Approved their choice, confirming my command.  
All Europe knows how well we fought, how sped,  
How bravely thousands for their country bled;  
How few, and how reluctantly, who fled.  
Among the last, the remnant of my band  
I led for safety toward a foreign land;  
When, press'd by thousands of th' insulting foe,  
And forced through woods and marshes deep to go,  
(Not fearing death, but capture), we at last,  
Worn with fatigue and want, had nearly past  
The confines of our state, with wearied pace,  
Were overtaken by the barbarous race



Of servile men, who eagerly obey  
The cruel despot's word, and iron sway.  
Mountains precipitous escape denied,  
And all prepared to die, till one espied  
A rocky narrow cleft, which oped its side;  
Where winter's floods had worn a rugged way,  
And thick o'erhanging trees admitted doubtful day.  
Our only hope was the deep cleft to gain,  
T' escape the foe, and leave the fatal plain.  
I gave command our friends should pass this way,  
While with a chosen troop I did convey  
Impressions false, to lead our enemies astray.  
Our friends secure, we coursed the mountain's side,  
Fleeing o'er brooks and marshes deep and wide,  
Till headed by the foe. 'T was then we stood  
Close by the margin of a rapid flood;  
And there commenced the last, the cruel strife,  
Th' assailants losing more than life for life:  
We ask'd not quarter, and all fell, save two  
Whose youthful vigour scaled the mountain's brow:  
Yet they had all that brave men could essay'd,  
And, ev'n in this, my last command obey'd.  
I only living, left among the slain,  
A fractured thigh had stretch'd me on the plain.  
They offer'd life, and honours, (so they said,)  
Honours that would disgrace,—life which had led  
To worse than death—to treason—slavery!  
To all that brave men must disdain to be.  
These to refuse, reproach their base estate,  
And baser wish to bow me to their fate,  
By impulse came. Enraged they shed my blood;  
And, while still breathing, threw me to the flood:

The turbid water hid the solar beam,  
 And my soul parted in the whirling stream.  
 As from a troubled sleep awaked, I found  
 My form ethereal treading lunar ground ;  
 Ere an earth-meted hour of time had run,  
 My trial past,—my lasting honours won ;  
 Surely more for th' intent than what I'd done :  
 The true—all-comprehensive justice here,  
 Commands, that with the deed the motive must appear."

This brief relation told, we now drew near,  
 To view the judgment-seats, and trials hear.  
 Each fair tribunal seem'd as crystal bright,  
 All faultless, pure, transparent as the light.  
 There are who say, that heavenly legends tell,  
 They from the solar globe were brought or fell,  
 And each one diamond pure ; and form'd to be  
 True justice's emblems through eternity :  
 And thus opined the much admiring Pole ;  
 Who judged no thought too great, where God directs  
 the whole.

Now numerous causes claim attentive ear ;  
 Where men of every rank alike appear :  
 The cold and temperate climes fair people send ;  
 From burning regions sable tribes attend ;  
 Here red men mingled in the groups are seen ;  
 And every caste and various shade the whole between.  
 All undistinguish'd stand. Nought here avail—  
 The country, family, or the large entail ;  
 Impartial justice's universal plan  
 Admits but one great family of man ;  
 Nor judgeth any man but for his deeds ;  
 Nor wealth regards, but what from it proceeds.

As men who, wreck'd upon an unknown shore,  
Where all around them savage monsters roar,  
Through the drear night they fear to move away,  
And wait with anxious doubt the coming day :  
So silent thought, and pressing care profound,  
Mark'd every countenance observed around  
These great tribunals ;—none quite free from fear,  
In this dread hour, when destiny's so near.

When there for trial for their life's offence,  
None make denial, and but few defence ;  
Concealment would be vain, for Conscience there  
In mem'ry bound, transparent doth appear ;—  
The Book of Fate, and the quick piercing eye  
Of heav'nly justice can at once descry  
The whole contents, and secresy defy.

Who first before those awful thrones drew near,  
(In judgment call'd,) with anxious hope and fear,  
Were lowly men on earth, of humble name,  
Whom none but neighbours gave or praise or blame ;  
Their merits common, and their faults the same :  
Men who had seldom thought, and little read ;  
Who held their faith from what their priests had said ;  
Still moving on, the drudges of their kind ;  
In body lab'ring much, scarce aught in mind :  
Men bearing all the brunt of human life ;  
And, harder still, the brunt of mortal strife,  
In all the wars of kings with brother kings,  
For empire, pride, and even meaner things.

The judges mildly ask'd what each had done  
Of good or ill in life ; reply was none ;  
For each seem'd conscious that the whole was known.  
Then said the judges : “ Be no more cast down.

Small were your means to bless mankind on earth,  
And small to harm, thus circumscribed by birth.  
Go! there's another sphere, where, as your meed,  
The good and comfort suited to your need  
Doth you await. There, fields for ever green  
Are freely yours, and no taskmasters seen:  
Where you may fit yourselves for higher things,  
And all the pleasures greater knowledge brings."

They walk'd away, led by a friendly guide;  
When one, who had stood near, but still untried,  
Was joining in their train. A judge said—"Stay!  
Nor with that tainted conscience haste away."  
In a low voice he said, he had, like those,  
Labour'd in life;—was serving, at its close,  
His country and his king. A judge replied,—  
"Thy service was from choice,—self-sold, thou died.  
But this thy crime,—that thou, with artful wile,  
Didst a weak trusting maid, who loved, beguile;  
And left her with your offspring newly born,  
In misery and want the most forlorn;  
Nor honour, nor a parent's duty felt,  
Though thy poor frantic victim to thee knelt,  
Imploring bread to feed the innocent;  
And said, with only bread she'd live content.  
Thy gross refusal broke her mind's last stay,  
Then, like a blighted flower, she pined away:  
The tender child that to thee owed its breath,  
For want of nurture met untimely death;  
And all, that thou might'st waste thy toil-won gains,  
Indulging self, in bacchanalian fanes.  
Return, to earth, till thy purgation's o'er;  
And till thy selfish meanness is no more:

There, who return, that dreaded hell will find  
Both o'er and under-rated by mankind."  
Then like a man, who suddenly doth feel  
Through his warm vitals forced, the piercing steel,  
The culprit dropped ; he wrung and clench'd his hands,  
And rolled his form upon the silver sands :  
And while the trembling wretch is forced away,  
His piteous moans his anguish'd soul betray.

Next came a fragile form, who fell beneath  
The perfumed blight of man's deceitful breath,  
Who with the rose conceal'd the thorn of death.  
As the weak, timid dove, whose watchful eye  
Perceives the dreaded falcon soar on high,  
With trepidation moves : so struck with fear,  
She sunk and fell, as trembling she drew near.  
Then said a judge, who saw her downcast eyes,—  
"Thou drooping flower, untimely pluck'd, arise !  
That thou hast fail'd the straiten'd path to go,  
By custom mark'd, and steep'd thy soul in woe,  
We know : know, too, the stain can never pass ;  
Fix'd as the tint that soils a crystal mass,  
It ever rests ; unhappy that thou art,  
Erring with nature and too weak a heart.  
What once is done, can never not have been ;  
Thus, in it, its own punishment is seen :  
How happy she ! whose retrospective view  
Gives constant peace, and pleasure ever new.  
Go thou on high, where, at thy mother's side,  
Those who have scorn'd thee dare no more deride ;  
For some, with greater faults conceal'd, have dared  
To point the finger at the crimes they've shared :  
Such secrets must appear in open light ;  
Compunction endless will such deeds requite."

Her honour'd mother caught her to her breast,  
And flew to regions of eternal rest.

A young man now with steady step drew near,  
Whose placid eye shew'd more surprise than fear ;  
A son of ocean he. Being told to say,  
Why in full health th' irremeable way  
He'd trod. " Our gallant ship," he straight replied,  
" Was by a hurricane and rapid tide  
Forced on a rugged and uncertain shore,  
Where 'gainst the cliffs the foaming billows roar ;  
A sunken rock us of our helm bereft,  
Our courage fell, and scarcely hope was left ;  
For headlong, then, upon the fatal coast  
We helpless drove, inevitably lost.  
Another moment, and with thund'ring sound,  
We, like an earthquake, shook the solid ground :  
As a cathedral shaken from its base,  
Crush'd by its weight, becomes a crumbling mass,  
Our noble ship ; her strongest timbers break,  
And iron-fasten'd joints, disjoining creak.  
Again the wave up-heaves man's noblest work,  
As lightly as it floats the buoyant cork,  
Bounding on high, then drives it on the rock ;  
Like to a huge cliff falling is the shock ;  
And the compacted mass, with crushing noise  
Of riving beams and bursting planks, destroys ;  
The rushing leaks their rapid inroads make :  
Dismay, and death's appalling terrors shake  
The minds of all. Each tries himself to save  
From the dire horrors of each coming wave ;  
For each bore numbers to a watery grave.  
With efforts great, some had attain'd a stand  
Above the foaming sea ; with ready hand

Assistance giving to our drowning mates,  
 And saving many from the present fates :  
 When on the parting wreck, forlorn, appear'd  
 Three helpless females ; piercing shrieks we heard,  
 Which sunk our souls,—as sinks the sounding lead,  
 When the line parts, to ocean's lowest bed.  
 A chilling fear our sadden'd hearts assail'd ;  
 But their repeated—' Save ! oh, save ! ' at length  
 prevail'd.

I sprung upon the rolling, cracking wreck ;  
 With hard contention gain'd the shatter'd deck  
 On which they clung : I aided,—they attain'd  
 The stand I left, and, holding fast, maintain'd :  
 When on the surge, forced by the furious blast,  
 Came whirling on me the large broken mast ;  
 Bruised, crush'd,—I sunk ; thought left me in the flood ;  
 I knew no more, till anxious, here I stood.”  
 To whom a judge : “ For thy account of life,  
 With seamen's faults, and heedless follies rife ;  
 While acting nobly brought its sudden end ;  
 Denying time, in which thou might'st amend ;  
 We judge,—that thou on fairer oceans sail,  
 Where fav'ring winds, and gentler tides prevail.  
 Go thou, *this present life* with knowledge crown,  
 And gratify thy wish to roam—in worlds unknown.”

Now at the judgment-seat, weigh'd down with fears,  
 A mighty master of the loom appears ;  
 Who, loath to leave his high-heap'd hoards below,  
 And fearing much what justice might bestow,  
 For the hard means by which his wealth had grown,  
 Had double cause for happiness o'erthrown :  
 Oft thus the guilty live, disdaining fear,  
 Till they behold the law's dread vengeance near ;

When all their boasted courage melts away,  
Like the hoar frost before the solar ray.  
A judge required, how he his life had spent ;  
How riches gain'd, and gain'd with what intent.  
He said, with heaving breast, and bow profound,  
" I to the lab'ring poor, for miles around,  
Employment gave ; and with employment bread ;  
And this, with management of profits, led  
To wealth. That wealth I hardly, justly gain'd,  
And held as others did ; I but maintain'd  
Th' advantages that money gives to trade,  
And wish'd to raise my family a grade."  
A judge replied,—" Thy family to raise,  
By just endeavours, well deserveth praise :  
But was it just, whene'er thou hadst the power,  
To force the poor man's hire still lower—lower,  
And pare away their comforts to the core,  
To raise thy princely income more and more ?  
Could it be just, that to increase thy wealth,  
Some thousands starving lived—with wasted health ?  
Could it be just, that thou, to raise a name,  
Shouldst others bring to what thou thoughtest shame—  
To poverty ? Base (fortune's) fools decree  
The same contempt to want as villany.  
Thy wealth, thy name, can nothing here avail ;  
On earth they may, through ignorance, prevail,  
And give th' ambitious son to grasp at fame,  
Which, when not virtuous, is but real shame.  
A spendthrift ; he, shall as the lab'ring hind  
Toil hard, to spread thy wealth (as manure) for  
mankind.  
Go ! down to inner earth, where thou must stay  
Till cleansed of all thy crimes, thy folly clear'd away."



He heard astounded ; grov'ling kiss'd the ground :  
His piteous groaning shook the woods around.

Another came, whose active mind attain'd  
To moderate wealth, by others' labours gain'd.  
He saw the last o'erwhelm'd with grief and fear,  
Whose piercing cries still vibrate on his ear :  
This sight a little on his fears obtain'd,  
Yet he a decent confidence maintain'd.  
A judge observed,—“ In thy account we find  
More faults than should have borne a thoughtful mind,  
With virtues mix'd—of service to mankind :  
Thus, when the ripen'd harvest crowns the year,  
Though clogging weeds pervade, the golden ear  
O'ertops their baneful influence, and brings  
The best reward from industry that springs.  
When thy employ'd by sickness were assail'd ;  
When, with their health, the power of earning fail'd ;  
In this worst time to want, this deep distress,  
Thy heart ordain'd their incomes were not less.  
One fault, one virtuous deed, nor damns nor saves,  
But all,—from germinating conscience to our graves.  
Go thou, this system's splendid round survey,  
Each planet scan, and then the orb of day ;  
When these are seen in all their glories dight,  
Ten thousand systems still thy view invite  
In boundless space and God's eternal light.  
There the inquiring soul will wonders find  
Surpassing infinitely all man's mind  
Imagines : there, in virtue's bright abode,  
Behold how just ! how bounteous is our God ! ”  
The tried's beaming eyes shed joy around ;  
His feet, exulting, spring on lunar ground :

Anticipation grasps celestial scenes,  
And not the slightest cloud now intervenes :  
Thus the long captive eagle broke away,  
Exulting mounts to meet the solar ray,  
And fly with freedom in more glorious day.

The next before the judgment-throne who came,  
Was a thin, feeble form, whose worn-out frame  
Seem'd less th' effect of all-corrosive care  
Than real want, too much for man to bear.  
His placid mien, and meek, yet fearless eye,  
Proved less in fear than hope, was his to die.  
The judges promptly did his cause attend,  
And spoke with kindness, as from friend to friend.  
"How camest thou thus?" said he who central sat.  
"How, ere thy thirtieth year, this feeble state?  
For in thy life appears not many times,  
The practice of the health-reducing crimes."  
He straight replied,—“In early youth 'twas mine  
To bound with health, and never to repine :  
With homely fare, and humble guise content,  
My days were never long, my spirits never spent.  
Thus lightly flow'd my life, till av'rice shed  
Its baneful poison o'er the workman's head :  
Employers all, with uniform consent,  
Reduced our hire; it still, still lower went;  
So low, at length, not sustenance was there,  
And poor men's hearts became the prey of gnawing  
care.

Now moderate hours no longer would suffice,  
To give my children bread, my sick advice;  
I robb'd the hours of rest to eke the day,  
But could no more the needful food convey

To weeping infants and declining age,  
Who felt gaunt famine's gripe, and all the rage  
Of putrid fever. Thus of all my race  
Bereft,—save one,—my infant daughter's face  
Still smiled on me; but oh! those smiles so sweet!  
So bitter to my soul! Those smiles to meet  
Brought solace, thanks; told too, her loss and mine;  
And should it bring my curse—I could not but repine.  
Th' insidious hectic then my nerves unstrung;  
With force tenfold the weight of labour hung  
On my enfeebled frame. With heaving breath  
I sunk, emaciate, on the bed of death.  
Death came unfear'd: but oh! my child! my child!  
My failing eyes beheld, of aspect mild,  
A female form now guardian of my rest;  
If not than mortals better, of the best.  
'Speak not, my friend,' she said, 'but deign to hear.  
I heard thy thrilling plaint; thy infant dear,  
Engrossing all thy thoughts. Thy child, as mine,  
I will protect; and none shall e'er confine  
Her tender years, or riper youth, to broil  
In over-heated rooms, where human toil  
Wastes life in half-spent air: 'twere to confine  
The innocent to all the horrors of the mine.'  
I heard with joy this vision by my side,  
I look'd my thanks, I felt content,—and died."  
Th' attentive judges heard his moving tale  
With pitying eyes; for kindness will prevail  
In noble minds. The judge resumed,—“Thy days,  
Spent in industrious and virtuous ways,  
With small exceptions, weighing little here,  
Have given thee much to hope, and nought to fear.

Thou art adjudged to higher spheres to rise,  
With souls congenial join,—the good, the wise;  
With well-meaning men of every grade,  
Whose rule of life unbiass'd conscience made.”  
The judged heard with modest joy his fate,  
And felt recruited strength t' enjoy his glorious state.  
The spark of life began once more to burn,  
And beauty's lost proportions to return,—  
Improved return : from morning's chilly haze,  
Thus nature opens in the solar rays.

Next there appear'd before this awful throne,  
One whose chief boast was, to have nothing done.  
His creed of pride so wide from reason ran,  
As to despise all industry in man :  
The only things important, in his way,  
Were, skill to make a bet, and skill in play;  
And then to pass his time, not thus applied,  
He dress'd, and drank,—did anything beside;  
'Tis not meant useful things; he ne'er was blamed  
For making thus his proudest friends ashamed :  
He proved that folly may be warp'd by pride,  
To think that uselessness to greatness is allied.  
A judge demanded how on earth had run  
His threescore years, and what the good he'd done.  
Somewhat abash'd, he tremblingly replied,—  
“ My faults had all their source in family pride;  
For this, all occupations were denied;  
All were, I thought, injurious to my name,  
Save church, or law, or fighting,—roads to fame :  
These I disliked; with study quite at strife;  
Hating still more th' obedient soldier's life.  
I eked my bounded means the best I could  
By play or sports, but did not think of good.”

"Go," said the judge; "the self-select have place  
 On a small planet in ethereal space,  
 Where thou wilt find there's something to be done,  
 Ere that thy daily sustenance is won:  
 Where thou must live for long protracted years,  
 To learn how wide thy course from wisdom steers;  
 Ere thou canst those rejoin, than thee more wise,  
 Whom, in thy folly, thou didst once despise."  
 As an exotic plant that cannot bear  
 The bracing current of a temperate air,  
 He shrunk before the blaze of heavenly light,  
 As for his head too strong, his eyes too bright.

With serious aspect, and a formal frame,  
 One of th' elect, the self-elect, now came;  
 Whose faith select assumed a conscience clear,  
 Because, forsooth, nought wicked could adhere  
 To purity like his. In acts less nice,  
 His practice would have whelm'd with damning vice  
 All the less fortunate sons of men who fail  
 Of being number'd for the holy pale.  
 But half assured, he stood before the throne;  
 For the mind's monitor hath made it known,  
 Ev'n to the self-elected child of grace,  
 That secret vice, though wearing virtue's face  
 In artful seeming, ne'er can be approved,  
 Or aught but truth and goodness be beloved  
 By Him who but by virtue can be moved  
 To mercy. "How, amidst the constant strife  
 Of reason, passion, hast thou pass'd thy life?"  
 A judge demanded. With a solemn face,  
 Produced by constant acting inbred grace,  
 He thus replied. "Bred in that holy sect,  
 Which all our pious members call'd elect,

I lived contented with the light within,  
And thought whom God made holy could not sin;  
So may have yielded up myself at times,  
To what, in sinful natures, had been crimes:  
I gave to our own poor, but none beside;  
'Twere wrong for God's rejected to provide."  
"Hold!" said a judge, "nor dare God's awful name  
Madly blaspheme; nor strive to throw the blame  
Of thy own partial ignorance on Him  
Whose justice reacheth all; and but the dim,  
Warp'd vision of fanaticism can see,  
But falsely see, a partiality.  
What is there in thy narrow sect, or thee,  
Think'st thou, could e'er attract the DERRY  
From His eternal justice? As soon might  
An atom draw the sun, in glory dight,  
By its attractive power, to leave his course,  
Where he triumphant rides in all the force  
Of central power sublime,—as aught our God from  
right:  
By His decree there is no partial light.  
We, as our duty bids and justice ought,  
Decide by what is done, not what is thought.  
Go,—down to inner earth, where thou wilt find  
Companions suited to thy grov'ling mind;  
Where many ages must pass over thee  
Ere thy warp'd intellect will reason see,  
And ere thy selfish soul will liberal be."  
Surprised and awed, his saint-taught form now found  
The trembling limbs as sinking to the ground;  
And fled is all formality of port;  
His mind too, wanting of its old resort,

No longer in its darkness rests secure ;  
Yet still full light unable to endure :  
Like as a man who in the mines hath spent  
His life, where dull factitious light is blent  
With darkness gross, is, on his first essay,  
Dazzled to blindness by the light of day ;  
He moves uncertain, as the bird of night  
Unwillingly forced into solar light.

To near some judgment-seats we now advanced,  
By which there wept and laugh'd, and cringed and  
danced,

The sable sons of torrid climes, whose state  
Of ignorance forbade to estimate  
The vast importance of this hour of fate :  
They with th' impressions that their lives had given,  
Were gay or sad, ev'n in the verge of heaven.  
Upon each throne two of hot Afric's race,  
An European held the central place :  
The sable judges wise, could well explain  
What was with conscience done, and thus maintain  
That universal law, of equal right,  
Of judging all men by their mental light.  
There were who wept, who cringed, who had been  
used

To feel the tyrant's lash, or been abused  
By the blood-thirsty on their native plains,  
By fear of cruel deaths ; which there maintains  
Each petty tyrant in his narrow reign :  
Oft forcing those who hate, respect to feign.  
This is the curse that chains will ever bring ;  
The mind, oppressed long, will lose its spring :  
Thus, when for many years a tree is bent,  
Its first elastic power, so long restrain'd, is spent.

These were ordain'd to brighter worlds to rise ;  
No tyrants, black or white, t' offend their eyes :  
There range the sunny field, the shaded plain,  
Where gentle streams perpetual growth maintain,  
And join'd in wedlock, Spring and Autumn reign.  
Who laugh'd or danced in innocence of heart,  
And cheerfully in life performed their part ;  
And thought themselves the happiest of mankind,  
Escaping slavery, to all else resigned,  
Were also sent the same delightful way ;  
For nought in honest mirth can cloud the heav'nly day.  
Others, the sons of burning climes there were,  
Who knowing more, less confident appear.  
Alas ! for them, their knowledge was misused ;  
And conscience whisper'd, it had been abused.  
They knew too much for ignorance of ill ;  
They knew it ne'er was innocent to kill ;  
They knew men to entrap and sell for slaves,  
Was but the practice of the vilest knaves ;  
That raising wars with the sole view of gain,  
That traffic, with the monsters of the main,  
Brings, as the price of blood, was never right,  
And felt abash'd before th' empyreal light.  
These sent to worlds where those they had oppress'd,  
Are in congenial climes for ever bless'd ;  
There, 'neath the surface, penal worlds are found,  
Where black and white men traffickers abound ;  
Where there are hells to fit, in kind and time,  
Due punishment to every conscious crime.  
There the dread tyrants of Ashantean race,  
Who sport with blood, will find a suiting place.  
Thus th' eternal laws to these applied,  
With sage remarks the judges wise decide.



We now approach'd where in judicial state  
An European with Red Indians sat,  
While all around the Copper tribes appear  
With anxious looks, though little prone to fear.  
Their hardy life, and strange contempt of death,  
And scorn of tortures with their dying breath,  
Still mark'd their carriage, and appear'd to brave  
Whate'er of terrors might succeed the grave :  
The fear of shewing fear continues there :  
Habits inveterate oft the man outwear.  
As to the sons of Afric, was decreed  
To these, that fitting, equitable meed  
Justice requires, by sense of right and wrong,  
As conscience spoke the various tribes among.  
Females who had to hardship been inured,  
Borne the chief toil, and e'en contempt endured ;  
Who, as the wives of men so wildly free,  
Had seen their lords enjoy, but shared not liberty.  
To these the judges did assign a state  
Of full equality of joys and fate,  
As had their tyrants rough. They have beside  
A privilege, their husbands can't divide ;  
This is, the consciousness that every ill  
They had return'd with good, with right good will ;  
In conscious good or ill, when unconfined,  
Behold a bliss or curse to all mankind,  
Behold the hell, or heaven, of the mind.  
Most other females are to bliss enroll'd,  
Whose haughty tyrants all their acts controll'd.  
The jealous Mussulman, with wonder, found  
His harem slaves now treading unwall'd ground ;  
His harem queen no more of frowns afraid ;  
No more the trembling eunuch salaams made ;

His haughty frown no more with terror clothed,  
And where he'd been a tyrant boldly loathed.  
Now all but he enjoy the changes there,  
And all but he with lighten'd hearts appear :  
They, pris'ners freed, enjoy the bright'ning skies ;  
He mourns, a tyrant who hath lost his prize.  
Who mix the poison'd chalice still will find  
The draught their own ; thus ever is inclined  
Eternal justice ; thus the vicious great,  
In their own acts, their punishment will meet.

The self-sufficient Chinese find their scale,  
Comparing self with others, there to fail ;  
Nor now applaud that strangely vain decree,  
" More knowledge is superfluous." There they see  
Those not so happy in what climates give,  
Have far surpass'd them in the art to live,  
To bless their fellow men, and deal around  
The knowledge and the arts in every nation found.  
In the fair sex, accomplishments they meet  
That they allow surpass ev'n little feet.  
Lost in surprise at what they see and hear ;  
Their coming trials wake both hope and fear.  
The scale they're judged by is their mental light ;  
This to the judges seems the rule of right ;  
And is applied to men of every state,  
And justly is their arbiter of fate.

Thus every day, round all these thousand thrones,  
Are heard rejoicings, and heart-piercing moans.  
I but the sentences of those relate,  
Who, in a few short hours, had heard their fate,  
At but few seats. For mortals to record  
All in one day these thousand seats afford

Of judgments, all important to mankind,  
They need ten thousand ready writers find;  
Their numerous faults and merits to relate;  
Their diverse trials and their various fate:  
Enough, the little was observed, is given  
To mark this vestibule to hell or heaven;  
Where all men find true justice is decreed,  
Their actions, good or bad, produce their proper meed.

The lunar day approaching to its close,  
The judges sought the pleasure of repose  
From mental toil; or, what to rest is near,  
Change of employment, still to see, to hear,  
And to improve. These reason's vigils keep,  
And give but little time to dull oblivious sleep.

Just in the centre of the thrones is placed  
A marble dome of vast extent, and graced  
In inner round with beauteous columns high;  
The lofty roof appears a brilliant sky,  
Where every star with purest lustre bright—  
Our earth conspicuously, the grandest light,  
Save the bright sun, whose absence caused the night—  
Shone in their silent paths; they, moved by art  
The most correct, the reigning hour impart.  
Ready admittance to this sacred fane,  
Unworthy I, led by my guide, obtain.  
There all the judges in assembly sat,  
To hear, inform, and sometimes to debate.  
Near to the farther side there stands, alone  
Exalted, high above the rest, the throne;  
Where sits the president on days of state,  
When things important may require debate.  
Around the throne the seats, as they recede,  
That nought the hearing, or the view impede,

In height advance. This eve all came to hear,  
As now the great election time drew near,  
And all attend a requisition there  
For ten selected judges to repair  
To the grand council; where  
To choose, as solar president, the man  
Who most hath bless'd mankind. They straight began  
To make arrangements for an early day,  
To expedite th' elect electors on their way.  
While thus employed, a solar messenger  
Arrived with orders that the ten repair  
To solar ground, to join the council there.

Those things arranged, the President address'd  
By name the Pole. "Zobieski, as thy guest,  
Wilt thou retain this mortal son of earth,  
Admitted here before th' immortal birth  
Is undergone? If so, thou, young in heaven,  
Canst, thy admission everywhere being given,  
Him introduce; and thou wilt also see,  
What, to thy inexperience, will be  
Wondrous. Thou know'st how best to move on high.  
Light's rays compress, on its swift pinions fly  
To mighty worlds, that guided roam the boundless  
sky."

He bow'd assent, and straight with me retired;  
Swift to depart, with ardent hopes inspired.

BOOK II.

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THE noble Pole now led with rapid stride,  
To meet the herald by the mountain's side,  
That lifts its towering head behind where stand  
The splendid dome and the tribunals grand :  
For here Zobieski did appoint to join,  
To travel with the messenger divine.  
Different to those on earth, here heralds are  
The messengers of peace, not hateful war.  
This worthy man, in much esteem on high,  
Had proffer'd to dispose our means to fly ;  
Guide by his knowledge, by experience given,  
To traverse crossing rays through boundless heaven.  
This friendly offer we with joy received ;  
Of every latent doubt at once relieved.

This sacred messenger of heavenly power  
Proposed to wait for half a lunar hour,  
(Long as, with Europe's sons, are April's days,)  
The time that best would serve the solar rays,  
To waft us to the planet next in course,  
With least cross journeying, and the fullest force.  
He had the systems greatest to apprise  
In every orb, and send them to advise  
In the great council of the solar skies.

As we must stay, he said, he would the while,  
Time of its tediousness to best beguile,  
Relate some wonders of the worlds he'd past  
In order, and speak of the moon the last.  
With joy we heard the kind proposal made,  
And with warm thanks the welcome boon repaid.

He then commenced: "To Mercury I came;—  
I think I'd best retain the earth-born name  
In this my brief relation, for I ween  
As sights stand best that best by all are seen,  
In language thus, the sign of being good,  
Is, that it is by all men understood.  
That planet nearest to the sun, of course,  
In just proportion has projectile force;  
This rapid motion, and an atmosphere  
Far lighter than is earth's incumbent air,  
Contribute so to meliorate its heat,  
That mortal pulse would temperately beat  
Thus near the solar blaze. So mountains high,  
That lift their snow-clad summits to the sky  
From our maternal earth, much colder are  
Than its rich valleys, or its plains; yet share  
At equal distance, with less clouded skies,  
The solar ray, which heat to all supplies:  
This heat parental, less effective there,  
Is held by denser air, and generates here.  
"There Afric's sable race possess the ground,  
Where all the various tribes immixt are found;  
No petty jealousies, no rival cares;  
No foe can now attack them unawares:  
But as by nature's law the bees command  
The flowery treasures of the verdant land,

And cull the varied sweets that never cloy,  
With equal rights, and all alike enjoy :  
So there, rich fruits on every branch abound,  
And juicy esculents quite crowd the ground,—  
The right of all, for all to take, and spare ;  
Which pluck'd, still more arise, without the planter's  
care.

No traffickers in men pollute their shores ;  
No canoes fill'd with victims strain the oars  
In brothers' hands ; no sordid chieftain there,  
Sweeps through the neighbouring states intent to bear,  
Not warriors alone, but all the race,—  
Females, and children, from their native place  
And parent land ; to sell for liquid fire,  
And bauble toys, which brutal minds require.  
Such crimes are fear'd no more ; no motive now,  
Where all that nature wants spontaneous grow.  
There, purer bodies little food require,  
And that, delicious fruit, by solar fire  
Prepared to such perfection, that to taste,  
The mortal epicure his life would waste  
In useless longing ; vainly searching earth,  
Where fruits so highly flavour'd have not birth ;  
Their palates nauseate all grosser food ;  
And all, with horror, shrink at thoughts of blood ;—  
Their minds improving tend to higher things,—  
To the delights that contemplation brings ;  
Exult to know a still more perfect state,  
When fitted for it, doth their souls await.  
Thus, those who had in life perform'd their parts  
With good intentions, and with honest hearts,  
Find there reward, in present joy secure,  
And when removed, of greater blessings sure.

“The inner surface of that hollow sphere  
A place of punishment is made; and there  
Are the delinquents of the sable race,  
Who wish, in vain, they could bad deeds replace  
With acts of virtue and humanity,  
That they might happy as their victims be.  
The penalty apportion'd to the crime,  
Is just to all, in the degree and time;  
To mighty murderers, who annihilate  
Whole nations in their pride, or groundless hate;  
To those who, equally to blood incline,  
Their secret knives to private hate confine;  
To those who murder to possess the store  
Of others, and stop at no crimes for more,—  
Of blood and gold insatiate; and to all  
Who by their uncheck'd selfish passions fall  
To great degrees of guilt; who shew mankind  
With difficulty are to right and just confined.  
But I details of penalties reserve  
Till Europe gives the theme, which well will serve,  
By just analogy, to minds intent  
To learn, to know each various punishment.

“There also are, to share their hapless lot,  
Men who have paid or join'd the guilty plot  
T' entrap their kind,—white men of nations free,  
But loving gold more than true liberty.  
That liberty is false, of bastard kind,  
That wills to chain the body or the mind  
Of other men: who loves not freedom's self  
Wherever found, would sell his own for pelf;  
Who harm it, treason's blackest crime commit;  
The virtuous with their persons bulwark it.”



But who, I ask'd, of Afric's thoughtless race,  
Can be required to fill th' adviser's place  
In heavenly councils, to direct the mind  
In others and themselves, to just conclusions find?

He straight replied,—“ In ancient times, before  
Or Rome or Athens knew fair Wisdom's lore,  
There lived near Upper Nile a race of men,  
Black men, who were at learning's origin;  
Spread it to Egypt, down rich Nilus' shore,  
Where Grecian sages did its rolls explore,  
And bore to Europe, Afric's sacred lore.  
Rome thence was learn'd; but barb'rous myriads came  
And smothered learning's freedom-loving flame  
In chains and blood: they were, in wisdom's way,  
The night succeeding to its second day;  
Still blacker night, ere its third day arose,  
In more barbarian monks did interpose:  
Too ignorant to know their ignorance,  
Their teaching did but pious frauds advance;  
They spread a mist which clouded learning's way,  
And of true wisdom quite obscured the day.

“ With dawning Freedom brighter times began,  
Opening the gates of knowledge wide to man.  
Learning's third day begins with happier signs,  
While tyrants' frauds fair printing countermines;  
Gives steady light where darkness used to reign,  
And raises man 'bove superstitions vain.  
The northern nations occupy the van,  
And Britain, first in what ennobles man,  
Contentds in Liberty's and Science's ways,  
And in diffusing round their wedded rays.  
The captived negroes owe to Britain's law,  
That they, once more, the breath of freedom draw:

Thus she repays our Europe's debt of yore,  
For all from them received of learning's store.

“ Ask'st thou the proof that Europe owed to these  
Ev'n the faint dawnings of the arts of peace?  
Nile's course will shew: the stately ruins there,  
Majestic temples once, force Time to spare  
Sure evidence; there science guided art,  
Ere Greece knew to perform the sculptor's part.  
Unnerving luxury destroyed their weal,  
Producing evils time is slow to heal:  
Oh! may its baneful venom keep afar  
From Europe's states, that friends of freedom are;  
And far from their descendants o'er the main,  
Who freedom love, and dare its rights maintain:  
Each state where luxury's sordid rites prevail,  
Debased must sink, there all redeeming virtues fail.  
Great men were there. I had it in command  
To bid their wisest to the solar land,  
To join the council of the system there,  
Where the elected of its worlds repair.

“ From Mercury, with rapid flight I came  
To that bright sphere, which mortals Venus name.  
There the Almighty's goodness is displayed  
To thankless man. Its temp'rature is made,  
By power divine, to suit the tenderest need,  
And be to those from brightest climes a meed.  
Though with a deeper atmosphere than earth,  
And nearer to the sun, which aids the birth  
Of heat; the seasons changing swift, provide  
Its air incumbent be to mildness mollified.  
Besides, all those who on the planets rest,  
Preparing for the states still higher blest,

Have bodies, gross or fine, with just regard,  
To those for punishment, to these reward.

“ There Asia’s mildest children rest secure  
From their despotic chiefs; no more endure  
Th’ injustice, scorn, and tyranny of caste,  
Which every hope of better future blast:  
This curse, the growth of pride and priestly lies,  
Forbids the energies of man to rise.

“ Who in Columbia’s torrid climes drew breath,  
Where the insatiate Spaniard strew’d with death  
The fertile plains, there rest; and fear no more  
The horsemen monsters, who, for golden store,  
Plundered their cities, laid their country waste,  
Making a desert with most holy haste,  
In God’s blasphemed name. Oh! mortal man,  
That dares so flagrantly misuse his span  
Of life probationary, could he see  
How great his future loss, eternally,  
Ev’n selfishness might lead to living virtuously.

“ They fear no more hard European bands,  
Nor the dread earthquakes of their natal lands;  
But there enjoy what Spring and Autumn yield  
United through the year; all rise untill’d,—  
Or fruits, or flowers, from every bough or field;  
Fields uninclosed, the property of all.  
All unrestrain’d, at gentle nature’s call,  
Rather for pleasure, than from hunger take,  
And thrill’d with grateful thanks their slight refectious  
make.

There the rich fruits serve both as food and wine;  
And now none more for aught on earth repine,  
Than mortals would, for crabs, to change the luscious  
pine.

“ But more true pleasure in their minds is given,  
In their expansion they first taste of heaven.  
In them the powerful rays of mental light  
Dispel the slave-born shades from every sight;  
They rise to men; their thoughts, sublimely free,  
Plunge into space, and grasp eternity:  
Thus the dull eye, a stranger to the day,  
When the dark cataract is torn away,  
Soon darts its pleasing power both far and wide,  
And sees new wonders rise on every side.  
Nor are their rising hopes arrested there,  
But fly beyond their planet's narrow sphere,  
To brighter worlds, where purer, wiser souls appear.

“ As every people have their men of crime,  
So these, in modern, and in olden time.  
The inner surface of that beauteous sphere,  
Holds the chief culprits of the countries where  
These happier victims of their murderous strife,  
Received the blessing of the gift of life.  
But they, so like those, I shall now unfold,  
Need not, to thinking minds, be separately told.

“ I next to our parental Earth took flight,  
Borne in the centre of compressed light,  
Straight, to its inner surface, darting down,  
(By power, to mortal guidance, yet unknown,)  
With the magnetic fluid near its pole:  
Th' impalpable and organized pure soul,  
Can thus, or leave, or pass to upper day;  
To body quite impervious the way.

“ Fair Europe's restless sons, of knowledge vain,  
With their descendants o'er th' Atlantic main,  
And wider seas, pursuant to sentence given,  
There expiate their crimes, ere ent'ring heaven;

And, measured by their faults in upper day,  
They many years, or many ages stay.

“Th’ internal surface of the globe of earth,  
Of its appropriate produce knows no dearth ;  
(Nor trees nor shrubs, nor flowers nor fruits it yields,  
Nor turf enamell’d beautifies its fields;)   
It gives, in rank abundance, food for man,  
In all the fungi that on earth we scan;  
And twice ten thousand kinds unknown above,  
But forming there, the forest and the grove,  
And garden’s treasure ; ev’n the grassless field,  
Nought, save the dwarfish fungi, deigns to yield.  
If rarely there is seen, with stealthy pace,  
A lonely wanderer of the reptile race,  
A creeping, many-footed thing, that loves  
The rank humidity of mushroom groves ;  
Or more, a lizard ’scaped from former toils  
Of eager hunters, it at once embroils  
All human kind around ; no toils they shun,  
But on their hands and knees the hunters run ;  
Tear up the covering of the unturf’d ground,  
Till mangled fungi in their tracks abound :  
Happy the man who gains the savoury prize,—  
He feasts exulting, watch’d by longing eyes.

“When men to punishment are thither driven,  
New bodies are of grosser nature given ;  
Unwieldier far than in their first estate,  
When their misconduct wrought their present fate.  
These now adapted, in their weight and kind,  
To punish bad propensities of mind,  
Are formed upon them. As the damp in air,  
In contact with aught colder, settles there ;

So they the elements around attract,  
Which in attaching, form, and grow compact  
In bodies, gross, or light, as sentence's given  
For their offences, which deny them heaven,  
For many years, or ages, yet to come,  
Proportion'd to their deeds, each righteous doom.

“The sun ne'er rises on their gloomy way,  
Nor gives to them the bright returning day.  
Unsteady, flashing, meteoric light,  
At all times flickering, but never bright,  
Comes from their close and humid atmosphere;  
But makes no sweet return of seasons there.  
Slight, there, the change of temperature is found,  
And that but when the clouds approach the ground,  
And the ears deafen with the thunder's sound.  
A sluggish sameness leaves unknown the year,  
With no variety of scene to cheer  
Their dreary lives; nor month, nor day, nor hour,  
As subjects of remark, their consolation pour:  
Through ages thus, unvarying as their clime,  
On leaden sledge, unmark'd, moves their chaotic  
time.

“They know not there how ages pass away,  
For years seem ages while *in* earth they stay.  
They nothing learn from those who left of late,  
With grief-sunk souls, the probatory state.  
The late descended roam a lonely coast,  
Till they all measurement of time have lost:  
Their time so irksome and so wild their fears,  
Who live there ten—compute a thousand years.  
Thus, when they join the throng of souls below,  
The lapse of time none can to others shew:

Recent events their thoughts in words convey,  
As things for many ages pass'd away.  
There all alike have one unvarying chime,  
Transferring all things to more distant time.  
Lamented time; they might have used to gain  
Those heav'nly joys that virtue must attain.  
There, till all stains extinct, condemn'd to stay;  
Till ev'n all wish to sin is worn away.  
Some in short time the needful penance make;  
Some numerous years, some numerous ages take:  
The penalty's adapted to the crime,  
Both in severity and length of time.

"There, who forestal the sustenance of man,  
T' enhance the price for an immoderate gain,  
Have place. They now with lamentation see,  
That in oppressing helpless poverty,  
Causing their feeble means should purchase less,  
(For selfish views,) thus adding to distress;  
They have but fill'd their cup unto the brink  
With bitter dregs, which loathing, they must drink.

"There are the men who, by their riches' power,  
Forced the just wages of their lab'ers lower;  
Till the oppress'd no more had wholesome bread,  
But lost their health, on roots and garbage fed.  
Unhappy these, by death removed in throngs;  
But luxury's deceits avenged their wrongs;  
Th' oppressors, drinking deep of pleasure's streams,  
Were waked by death from their voluptuous dreams;  
For health requires th' avoiding all extremes.

"There also, who revived, or strain'd, old laws,  
Twisting their meaning in oppression's cause;  
Enforcing claims that justice never knew,  
And by such fraudulent arts their incomes drew

From others' toil; seizing, in legal might,  
The orphan's pittance and the widow's mite;  
Securely robbing by prescriptive right.  
Vainly they thought that length of time can make  
A wrong—a right, and from oppression take  
Injustice; and that oft repeated ill  
Creates a claim to its commission still.  
Not all the years that yet have passed o'er time,  
In reason's eye, can justify a crime:  
Who pleads a precedent admits its need,  
And, thus defending, quite condemns the deed:  
Actions which are with justice clear and bright,  
Need not, nor time, nor precedent to prove them  
right.

“Where only moss and stunted mushrooms grow,  
And rugged mountains point their heads below,  
I next advanced. There those in crowds convene,  
Whose thirst of wealth, unrul'd by reason's mean,  
Absorb'd their thoughts on earth; and urged them  
through

All toils and dangers man can undergo;—  
Urged to amass more than man's life could use,  
And then these gains in the worst way t' abuse,  
By idle hoarding; hiding thus from man  
The produce of his toil, and putting ban  
'Twixt all, and its enjoyment. Riches are,  
While in the miser's coffers lock'd with care,  
As dung, which resting in foul sordid heaps,  
Can nought produce; but spread, the lab'rer reaps  
More liberal harvests; fields with verdure crown'd  
Make full acknowledgment, and plenty smiles around.  
These men, who to their private hoards assigned  
What had made happy hundreds of their kind,



There see the folly of their acts above,  
And the false nature of their riches prove.  
For there, in every mountain towering round,  
Mines, richer than Potosi's, may be found.  
There, heaps of silver ore maintain the road ;  
And in the vales, where they from rivers load  
The glittering gravel, golden pieces shine,  
And diamond pebbles, intermix'd, combine  
To smoothe the path ; which is much needed there,  
For most much grosser and unwieldier are  
Than when they breathed the life of upper air.  
I heard them oft their former selves deride,  
And own their cares to madness were allied ;  
To think they could with clenched hands retain  
What will not, there, produce one single grain  
For bread. Now gold and silver all surround,  
And brightest gems on every side abound ;  
All's valueless ! But ah ! not more so than  
Their hoarded wealth, refused to brother man,  
And to themselves, where it could bread command,  
And deal out plenty through a smiling land.

“ He too, who holds on earth a boundless store,  
(Passing with deafen'd ear the starving poor,)  
Whether in flocks, or herds, or spacious lands,  
Or waving corn, his riches he commands,  
Alike offends, when he the produce hoards ;  
But he who to the lab'ring poor affords  
A constant pay, improving all around,  
Ev'n his own wealth, in virtue's path is found ;  
He guides the stream of wealth its proper way  
To fertilize the land ; and doth convey,  
Where'er the means of happiness is found,  
The needful power to till the fallow ground.

“Those, too, who pass’d their feverish nights away  
In all the curst anxieties of play;  
First damn’d on earth, as their own tortures tell,  
Now thither sent to find a second hell;  
Hell well deserved, for avarice was the spring  
Of all their actions, put their thoughts on wing  
To trick or cheat; and without doing aught  
By which for man things are to better wrought,  
Or things at distance more convenient brought,  
They grasp’d at wealth: no matter, lose or win,  
The intent’s the same,—the same the greedy sin.

“There priests, who little of their duty thought,  
Who into sacred truth had never sought,  
And but to gain an easy living taught,  
Are found. These occupying plains immense  
Which with their ill-taught followers are dense  
With population; all condemn’d to find,  
Not reason for their faith, but why inclined  
By it to act such vagaries in life  
As led to misery and mental strife.  
The priests, whose theme is mercy—heav’nly peace,  
How they had made religious feuds increase;  
Their followers, after hearing such a theme,  
How they could e’er so glaringly blaspheme—  
As say, that God elects but these or those,  
Condemning all besides to endless woes.  
The priests are there retain’d till they undo  
The errors they have taught; their hearers, too,  
Till they no more will fix their faith on trust,  
And learn that God to all is merciful and just.

“There, where wild mountains intersect the plains,  
And turbid streams divide the wide domains,

Are seen vast numbers of the men of strife,  
Who, uncompell'd, embraced the martial life :  
Infatuation strange of mortal mind,  
As hirelings to be kill'd, or kill their kind !  
If honour blind them, mark how honour goes ;  
The general has it, and the soldiers blows.  
As much true courage nerves the private's heart,  
When he, as sentinel, acts well his part ;  
Or in the ranks, unflinching fights or falls  
Unnoticed—where, ev'n glory faintly calls ;  
As when the general, self-possess'd, and calm,  
Contends to grace his brows with victory's palm ;  
While he beholds the nations looking on,  
Gazette's and history's glories to be won :  
The soldier colours gains, his life must guard ;  
Titles with lands, the general well reward.  
Two armies meet, contend, and myriads bleed,  
Yet only he who doth the conquerors lead,  
Receives the palm of glory as his meed.  
But still more strange, the suffering friends of peace  
Join in the praise, and their own ills increase.  
Lately the *voice of France* her hero praised,  
While from *her sons* he mighty armies raised :  
Most fell, and to their homes return'd no more ;  
The rest, their fev'rish dreams of glory o'er,  
Found, but too late, they willingly were slaves,  
Who, conquering others, met untimely graves.  
Conquer'd or conqu'ring, those who fight for kings,  
But change, or keep their tyrants with their stings.  
These are confined until they learn to know  
Men were not made for blood-stain'd pride to mow  
In their false glory's harvest ; and still more,  
Till they no longer will Fame's voice adore,

Save when it flies on brighter, stronger wings,  
Than murderous war, and titles given by kings ;  
On wings which can, unscathed, their burden bear  
Up to the blaze of day, where all is clear,  
And but humanity and justice dare appear.

“ There, are the petty dealers in the law,  
Who would maintain, or by some secret flaw  
O’return you aught, as interest led the way,  
Nor deign’d to think where truth and justice lay.  
Some brandish stalks of toadstool in the hand,  
Just as, on earth, they did their pens command ;  
New comers these : some look demurely sad,  
As when they said their client’s cause was bad,  
But added, that with skilful management,  
And gold unspar’d, they’d bring him through content.  
Some look’d ev’n graver still, as if they saw  
You coming, without money, for their law.  
And some in native villany of face,  
Though made as shining as could lawyer’s brass,  
Seem’d ready still to pounce on ruin’d men,  
And drag misfortune’s leavings to their den :  
So to the shattered ship the wreckers run,  
Complete the ruin by the storm begun.

“ Shame on the laws by which such harpies live ;  
By which ev’n justice, when she’s poor, they gyve.  
All laws are partial that require expense,  
Shielding the rich, while poverty’s without defence :  
Laws strictly just, that justice will have lost,  
When not administered at public cost :  
Nor need men fear that lawsuits would increase,—  
A fine, on needless suits, would guard the peace.  
Lawsuits abound where few can law explain,  
And greedy lawyers give advice for gain :

All laws are bad, or badly are express'd,  
That need explaining where they are address'd.  
Before fair freedom grew by all beloved,  
Few thought their country's laws could be improved  
Men, wiser now, with justice on their side, .  
Require, that equal laws be equally applied.  
Now that research Australia's shores hath won,  
The sable swan no more is rarely known :  
So when men's thoughts attend effect and cause,  
They honest men will find t' explain the laws.

“ Where marshy plains ten thousand hills surround,  
Whose downward heads with fungi forests crowned,  
Increase the gloom, (where morning never wakes,)  
Surrounding sleepy streams and stagnant lakes,  
In bustling anxiousness, are ever seen  
Those mean defrauders of their fellow men ;  
Who, while their probatory life they ran,  
False weights did use ; mix'd with the food of man,  
Bad, useless, oftentimes deleterious things,  
Yet cursed the villany of ministers and kings :  
Like flaming patriots, who, to hoard up wealth,  
Supply base brewers with the drugs to health  
And life opposed. Pretending wretches all ;  
On such, unpitied, may just vengeance fall !  
These, many ages are condemn'd to stay,  
Till their deep guilt reform hath cleared away,  
And the dark hypocrites dare meet the day.  
Some who like crimes committed, but pretence  
To good superior doubled not th' offence,  
Are there detain'd pursuant to sentence pass'd,  
And the fulfilment will for ages last ;  
Some more, some less, of dreary time must pass,  
Just as their sins their punishment will class.

These in less time their wickedness will lave,  
By a full moiety, than those will have,  
Who, there, must suffer the full penal time,  
For adding base hypocrisy to crime :  
Be the pretence a patriot, or a saint,  
Alike in depth 's the hypocritic taint.

“ Ill suiting epicures that world below,  
Yet there the gluttons and the drunkards go  
For several years,—as suits to the degree  
Of grossness of their sensuality:  
'Tis held a crime man on himself should waste  
What would, to pining want, give sweet repast.  
No generous wine, nor even humble beer,  
Their dull monotony of life to cheer;  
No luscious sirloins make the tables groan,  
Nor, after-dainties, there, the want atone.  
They, all their change, in diff'ring waters find,  
And where the mushrooms yield variety of kind:  
Thus mortal pris'ners see their table spread  
Unchanged,—still water and the loaf of bread.

“ But I no more particulars relate  
Of inner earth, nor of the various fate  
Of its inhabitants. Imagined be  
The rest; and judged of by analogy,  
The key of active minds. My orders were  
To bid to council, in the solar sphere,  
Ten of the wisest men who govern there  
Below; to be elected by their peers,  
Adding new honours to their bright careers.  
“ My message told,—I, in the moon's pale night,  
When earth return'd, tenfold, the lunar light,  
Compress'd some rays, and hither shot away  
In the swift bolt: a meteor seen to stray

Through the etherial space, to mortal eyes,  
That scan the solemn grandeur of the skies,  
I moved; or as the lightning's mobile force,  
So bright, so swift, so fleeting was my course.  
To the moon's inner surface straight I sped;  
For there, as messenger, my duty led;  
T' advise who there, as governors attend,  
Should of their sagest to the council send,  
Soon to be held upon the central sphere,  
Where all our system's wisest will appear.

“Obscurities, like inner earth's, increase  
In tenfold horrors in that gloomy place.  
A flashing, flickering, interrupted light  
But shews the darkness of eternal night;  
And lights, unsteadily, the paths of those  
Who, for their crimes, these rocky realms inclose.

“The body form'd around the spirit there,  
If seen on earth, quite monstrous would appear;  
Uncomely, gross and hard, it seems a whole,  
With cruel, dire propensities of soul.

“There are, who plundered everywhere they could,  
Of right regardless, unrestrain'd by blood;  
Who would not labour, yet its fruits would take  
From the industrious, and all order break  
To serve their vicious ends. In numbers these  
As are the leaves upon the forest trees:  
The gatherings of many cent'ries they;  
And many centuries must pass away  
Ere any be restored to upper day.  
Their term of punishment none can abate;  
Indelibly is fix'd for each its date.  
Then, (as from heav'nly history appears,)  
They, upon various moons, a thousand years

Must live, to purify their souls from stains,  
Till only the remembrance of their sins remains :  
Alas ! for crime ; its penalties all pass'd,  
The sad remembrance must for ever last.  
All the condemn'd, to prove that scene of woe,  
Whate'er their penal time, must undergo  
This term of preparation ; must endure  
This ordeal, ere they mix with souls more pure.

“ A darker band to haunt the rocks are seen,  
Where giant mildew's fetid clusters screen,  
In part, from passing eyes, those pests of men—  
Banditti fierce. Old habits sprout again.  
Ev'n there, contending with now thicken'd breath,  
They wound to pain, to torture—not to death.  
Death there refuses solace to their woes,  
Till their purgation's done, and then death's throes  
A second time are felt, ere they can be  
Allow'd to join pure souls from bodies free.

“ Next, spurned and scorned by those, as far more  
base,  
Are men who kept no faith with friend or class,—  
Deceitful men in guise of friends ; these creep  
In the surrounding swamps and valleys deep ;  
Forests of mould there dark'ning all the ground,  
While some like earth's entangled briars are found,  
Which in succession quick, rise, rot, and stink around ;  
A turf of slimy mould, its hue scarce seen,  
Where wretched reptiles shun more wretched men,  
Makes their variety. These, when on earth  
Were brokers, agents, lawyers, causing dearth  
Where smiling plenty did before abound ;  
And dire despair, where hope till then was found.



By artful wiles they confidence obtain'd,  
And seeming just, the trust they aim'd at gain'd.  
This done, they in their several ways contrived  
To be the managers for those who lived,  
And be executors to those who died;  
When they all means of thwarting justice tried.  
The friend deceived—to helpless ruin given;  
The hapless orphan—to the care of heaven :  
So the remorseless tiger, as his prey,  
Drains the heart's blood of all who cross his way.  
The fierce banditti mercy's friends would seem,  
Compared to these, whom men their friends would  
deem :

The former robb'd men of their cash in hand,  
The latter, of their all, in fearful debt to stand;  
The former made no claim to virtuous praise,  
The latter seem'd your friends in all their ways;  
Banditti of the desk, who coolly plan  
The utter ruin of their fellow man.  
Deceit their weapon. Its envenom'd dart  
But touches to destroy, and doth insert,  
Like hydrophobia, in the sap of life,  
Disease incurable. In horror rife,  
The unhappy victims even dread relief,  
Length'ning the worst of deaths—the death of grief.  
Deceivers vile, they ev'n themselves deceive;  
Evading mortal laws, they would believe  
Responsibility is pass'd, and give  
Their hearts to joy; to revel in their spoil—  
The hard won gains of many a life of toil.  
But mark the end! Stern justice makes them see  
Evading laws abates not guilt in robbery;

That they inflict dire murder's heaviest throes,  
When made the work of years and wasting woes;  
And makes them feel, now the dread sentence's pass'd,  
That must to some a thousand ages last."

At this recital my own ills arose  
In sad remembrance of their galling woes;  
For I had been the victim-friend described,  
And by such arts had had my judgment bribed  
To confidence; by lies deprived of all,  
My purse has nothing now for friendship's call.  
Yet I would not for some condemn the whole;  
'Tis not th' employment that corrupts the soul;  
And lawyers, agents, brokers, just may be,  
I said, and thought my Worthington of thee.

The heav'nly messenger resumed: "My course  
To men of more extensive crimes, not worse,  
Now led, who plundered with the sword or law—  
Alike are there. The latter ever saw  
This truth—some laws, as men unjust, will gnaw  
Into the very vitals of the poor,  
Yet leave ungalld the makers; and still more,—  
In their intent and end they murders cause  
Innumerable. Knowing this, such laws  
They framed t' acquire the gains such labour brings;  
And names, much coveted, from tyrant kings:  
High lordly titles did their dreams invade,  
(Lords, erst of warriors, now of lawyers made,)  
Presenting to their eyes the courtly cavalcade.  
There tyrant kings and lordling lawyers see  
Murder don't lose in criminality,  
Being committed with all forms of law;  
And that these forms no punishment withdraw,

Nor aught relieve them in their penal state :  
No ! there, their motives known, their crimes, though  
great,

Are doubled by duplicity, and stamp their fate.  
Too late, they now lament (yet always saw)  
They strangled justice in the toils of law.

“Next, motley crowds I saw; some the bald head,  
Disgustingly, with filthy ashes spread,  
And loins in sackcloth girt, seem still to claim  
For self-inflicted misery a holy name.  
Some in plain black, some flowing black, or white,  
As oft on earth proud piety is dight,  
Demanded still attention to their words :  
As, in unskilful hands, the two-edged swords  
Oft wound the bearers, so do words unwise,  
When heap'd by thousands over interest's lies.  
And some in gaudy trappings of brocade,  
A like pretence to holiness had made.  
The tricks in different states and ages these,  
To cozen man, or vanity to please.  
These are the men who power and riches sought,  
And preach'd as int'rest bid, not as their Master  
taught.

Some, teaching to despise all earthly things,  
Were far more burdensome than tyrant kings;  
Nor did their utmost modesty recoil  
To claim a tenth produced by others' toil,  
As wages to explain the word of God,  
And guide mankind in heaven's obvious road;  
As if God's word gave dark and doubtful day,  
And needed man t' explain, and point to heaven the  
way;

They prove the truth, that long the wise have seen,  
Its friends, from interest, its worst enemies have ever  
been.

The suffering cultivator felt that they  
Were wrong; and while on earth to them would say,—  
'You keep men's thoughts engaged on next life's  
bliss,

More easily to plunder them in this;  
Despising all your heavenly Master taught  
Of mild humility; his precepts, fraught  
With godlike mercy, also set aside  
For cruel laws, enforced with priestly pride.'  
Such, with high words, religion's forms debate;  
In acts deny a God and future state.  
These, there are placed, to find their real worth,  
And learn more wisdom than they taught on earth.  
Thus, swoln with pride, a self-deceiving tale  
Th' empiric tells, that can o'er fools prevail;  
Till science's magic lightning bursts at once  
The full-blown bladder of false consequence.

"Next with envenom'd lungs and poisonous breath,  
Whose slanderous words are leprosy and death,  
Are those who witness'd 'gainst the innocent  
With falsehood's oaths, with artful seeming blent  
Of great unwillingness, and wish to give  
The accused, unhappy, every chance to live:  
But sacred truth how could they violate,  
Or compromise their duty to the state!  
Thus, with one direful underhanded aim,  
Destroy the life, and the still better name.  
These deadly asps are found in every realm,  
The curse of states,—and oft a state o'erwhelm.

There, the contempt of all, they stalk aloof,  
Of others there condemn'd, the scorn and scoff.  
The longest time 's required to expiate  
Their soul-stain'd sins, and punishment abate.  
With these the murd'rous minds who dared invent  
The torture, and each cursed instrument  
Applied to force admissions false of guilt  
Or faith, that, with mock justice, blood be spilt;  
Thus stretching torture to the extent of breath,  
Till the poor wretch, for mercy, flees to death.

“There also are, who in both hemispheres  
Seized on Columbia's land; wrought on the fears;  
Or, when opposed, destroyed the native tribes,  
Or with vain baubles, worthless, cheating bribes  
Deceived; by force or guile securing all;  
Then, arm'd with claims more than equivocal,  
From laws of their own making, seizing on  
Th' inalienable rights man owes his son—  
Freedom untamed—the land he 's born upon.  
Their wisest sages and their bravest chiefs,  
In godlike justice, are but bas-reliefs:  
Behold them still condemn the slave to toil,  
And force the negro from his native soil;  
And, in infirmity of mind, surmise  
That patriotism injustice sanctifies.  
Robbing for country, family, or self,  
Being unjust for honours, or for pelf,  
Alike are crimes in artless virtue's eye,  
And leave a blot through all eternity.

“But not confined to fair Columbia's shore  
Those who oppress the weak; the wide earth o'er  
Is strewed with men, who, 'neath a patriot's name,  
Subdue their neighbour's states, and wrap in flame

Their cities; forcing all with iron hand  
 To low submission, or to leave their land  
 Unpeopled,—and then bid the leaf of fame  
 Their blood-stain'd glories to the world proclaim;  
 While servile priests the loud *Te Deum* raise,  
 And sing in solemn strain the well-paid praise.  
 Some for false glory have such prejudice,  
 Vice grown gigantic is no longer vice;  
 He's robber, murd'rer, who his crimes conceals;  
 Heroic, glorious, with an army at his heels.  
 At death's tribunals, heavenly judges wise,  
 To greatest crimes attach the greatest penalties.  
 But I digress, and somewhat go astray,  
 By my relation's tenor led away;  
 And I may more, for now I speak of those  
 Who caused to men innumerable woes.

“Unhappy Poland! now divided, braved  
 By nations whom thy own Sobieski saved  
 From Turkish domination, from the brand  
 Of *Christian dogs*, and slavery through their land:  
 Ungrateful they; but man's worst curse they have,—  
 Enslaving others, they themselves enslave.  
 The proud dictators of this scene of woe  
 I next observed, condemn'd to undergo  
 Hundreds of ages in that world below,  
 For penalty, until convinced quite  
 That men with princes have one common right.  
 These \*\*\*\*\* political held truth in fear,  
 Whose sound divine is discord to the ear  
 Of heartless tyranny. They also thought  
 A neighbour's freedom was with danger fraught;  
 And rush'd on Poland, when her king had given  
 A constitution; and, defying heaven,

Tore down, by force of arms, her infant code,  
And rent and trampled it in dust and blood :  
Her noblest city was to pillage given,  
And all her bravest into exile driven.  
Such were their freaks in wantonness of might,  
Vile robbers by hereditary right.  
With unavailing sorrow there they pray,  
But pray in vain (as did the victims of their sway)  
For mercy;—mercy there is never known,—  
The sentence passed above must there be undergone.  
A noble Pole, who organized the last,  
The dreadful struggle to redeem the past,  
Now governs all the rugged district, where  
The haughty tyrants o'er his country are ;  
Yet shews no mean revenge, but guards the cause  
Of equal justice 'mongst these lords of laws.  
Vain there to shew the injurer's dark spite,  
He has full power their actions to requite,  
And force these tyrants to observe the right.  
“ But why of generals, ministers, or kings,  
Or haughty queens, who practised cruel things,  
Should I give long detail? No! let them pass,  
Like their false glories, to the general mass  
Of pompous nothings—who ne'er knew to give  
To others good, or make men happier live.  
“ I these relations make, and think of earth  
And all the great events which there have birth,  
Which reach beyond its sphere to after time,  
And cause the great, the terribly sublime  
In heaven or hell. Could mortal vision see  
The vast effect through all eternity  
Of actions done on earth, man would no more  
Commit the bad, and have them to deplore

Eternally, than he would by his vote,  
Or sword, the cause of tyranny promote;  
Could he but see his freedom would not be  
Aught more respected than would theirs whom he  
Helps to enslave; and thus commits for pelf  
Base treason, 'gainst his country, children, and him-  
self:

Nor, more than kings would aim at lawless power,  
Could they but know how many dangers lower  
Around the tyrant's iron-guarded throne,  
Compared to his who seeks man's good alone:  
That that attracts rebellion's vengeful spark,  
Darting from clouds of hate and discontentment dark;  
This in a nation's love finds full defence,  
Reciprocating good and boundless confidence.

"Now, while I speak, Great Britain's monarch lies  
In state funereal,—waits his obsequies.  
Contrary cares throughout the land are seen;  
They mourn a king, and hail a youthful queen!  
Oh! may she, call'd by Britain's laws to rule  
The first of men, with guided wisdom cull  
The justest statesmen,—see their conduct be  
Upright and friendly to true liberty;  
Also, that class or party never stand  
In competition with the welfare of the land;  
Then heartfelt praise shall flow with swelling tide,  
To waft the glory of her sex's pride.

"I now, in sad remembrance, shall return  
Where the self-made unhappy long sojourn.  
Such scenes, as told, the internal moon presents,  
And thousands more, the sequels of events  
On earth. But I these long details decline,  
And to one dreadful scene myself confine.



“Dark with a cloud coeval with the moon,  
That causeth there black night’s eternal noon,  
Is a small island, form’d of pumice rock,  
Which feels each hour the earthquake’s dreadful shock ;  
Being seated on a sea of liquid fire,  
Whose waves volcanic heave, and never tire,  
Its agitated and uncertain tides  
From all surrounding land the isle divides.  
The loud explosions issuing from its flood,  
Reply to peals and flashes from the cloud ;  
Their ceaseless thunders quite distract the ear,  
And give unhappy souls well-grounded fear.  
There, for long time reside the worst of men,—  
The fierce banditti issuing from their den  
To robbery and murder ; pirates too,  
Who seized the merchant’s ship, destroy’d the crew  
By drowning or by fire. There also are  
The inquisition’s authors, now aware,  
With their supporters, that to threat to kill,  
To force men’s minds to what’s impossible,—  
To think contrary to conviction clear,  
Or force a false profession on their fear,  
Are crimes Almighty justice will pursue,  
And mete the punishment that’s justly due.  
There priests, who preach’d crusades and massacres,  
Of provinces and nations murderers,  
Meet their reward ; with ministers and kings,  
Who aided and abetted such dread things.  
Vile Commodus and Nero are, or were,  
With the arch-murd’ress Tullia, punish’d there :  
He too, the prince,—a Christian, yet unwise,  
Who in base vengeance darken’d thrice ten thousand  
eyes.

Also the mighty monarchs, who made sport  
Of human life; who nations would export,  
And wantonly destroy; and who, for fame,  
On ruin'd countries raised an empty name.  
What now avails the praise base flattery spreads,  
Their blazon'd fame, or pyramids of heads?  
Mercy, descending like the heaven-born dew  
On fainting nature's breast, these never knew;  
But, as laborious hands by use are sear'd,  
So constant murders make the conscience hard.  
But here, mankind for half these ills I blame,—  
They laud the mighty murderer, give him fame;  
'T were best give murder always murder's name.  
All those presumed on earth they govern'd fate;  
Laugh'd at the terrors of a future state,  
Or wish'd annihilation. Different now,  
They fear each flash that scathes the island's brow  
May blast them up to less than dust that flies  
Before the wind,—to death that ever dies;  
Meet for unequall'd crimes, unequall'd blasphemies.  
Distracting terrors with each sound's allied,  
So miserable all who God defied!  
Despair presents her visions to their view,  
Of times long past, when with a mimic crew,  
Humour, wit's vulgar brother, gave the zest  
To the wild revelry of every feast:  
While deeds of blood were made a savage boast,  
And—more such honours—was the drunkard's toast:  
These cut with double edge on all I ween,  
Such times to lose, and that they e'er had been.  
Again despair in vivid visions shews  
What heavenly justice to fair virtue owes

Through all eternity ; what glories wait  
On each advance in their immortal state ;  
How infinitely more than earth could give,  
Could man, with mightiest power, for ever live.  
And then before their thoughts the visions come,  
Ah ! more than visions,—’t is the real doom  
Awaits them all,—oblivion’s dreadful blank,—  
The scathing blast t’ erase them from the rank  
Of knowledge and of life ; to nothing be,—  
All lost, the feeling of identity.

“ Think not Omnipotence cannot destroy  
Whate’er it wills. It can all power employ,—  
With force magnificently adequate,  
Reduce earth’s globe to its first gaseous state ;  
Or take a soul condemn’d, as ’t were a sort  
Of magnetism, disorganize, dispart  
Its parts constituent ; which, dispersed through space,  
No power, save God’s, can its identity replace.

“ I saw the cloud approach the heaving isle,  
And the surrounding lava did the while  
Rise, boil, and burst explosively, and give  
Responsive flash for flash ; the whirlwinds strive  
With the straight tempest, hurling stones and rocks,  
Which in their falls repeat the earthquake’s shocks.  
All earth-born hurricanes were but a breeze,  
Could you compare their violence with these.  
Should such a tempest o’er earth’s surface break,  
’T would seem as heaven and hell had join’d to wreck  
The sphere. Rage like to this earth’s sons deplore,  
When in fierce fight a thousand cannons roar,  
Where some ambitious fool would seize the world,  
Or with it be to wide destruction hurl’d.

Lo ! the condemn'd to hide in caverns flee,  
The rock is split,—the blast-bolt passes free,  
Save the doom'd soul has met its destiny.

“ From men, who while on earth had nothing fear'd,  
Heart-thrilling lamentations there are heard ;  
They shrink with fear to meet what once they braved,  
Not knowing then how great the loss they craved :  
But knowing now how dreadful 't is to be  
Deprived of living through eternity ;  
Where man unceasingly more knowledge gains,—  
With each remove more happiness attains :  
With pleasures ever new, when he is free  
To take his course through vast immensity,  
And ever read new wonders of the Deity.  
This dreadful knowledge there distracteth all ;  
To cease to be,—can every soul appal :  
To be with ether mix'd, in senseless parts,  
Unknown—unknowing : as the ray that darts  
From the small taper, when extinguished,  
Is ever lost, none knowing where 't is fled.  
Thus never more to be,—or seen or see,—  
A blank—a void,—a true nonentity,  
To thoughtful being, is so dreadful there,  
That their bewailings rend the passive air ;  
And their deep fears mete out a punishment  
To fit each dreadful crime and bad intent.

“ I saw and heard their fears,—their dire despair,  
And turn'd, with soul distress'd, to upper air.”

BOOK III.

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TURN'D from the sun, now reign'd the lunar night;  
But the earth rising shed its mellow light  
In mild refulgence. While the thinner air  
Than earth's, which forms the lunar atmosphere,  
Admits to see, faint-drawn, the human face  
And forms ethereal; making populace,  
With numbers like the leaves on summer trees,  
Or blades of grass that wave beneath the breeze,  
The shelter'd glades, the covert valleys calm,  
And each retirement sweet where nature sheds its  
balm.

There forms are only seen by being found  
Clearer than shines the earth-reflected light around;  
But when the moon receives the solar ray  
Direct, they're lost in sameness with the light of day.  
There, as on earth, opinions will divide,  
And what none know for certain, none decide:  
But most believe they're those who never thought,  
And thus they neither good nor ill have wrought;  
And there a time for other bodies wait,  
Then to complete their probatory state:  
That their own acts may bring the righteous meed,  
Which by unerring justice is decreed;

For good and bad th' important truth will know,  
That to themselves they their hereafter owe ;  
To these the knowledge will their pains increase,  
To those 't will add complacency to bliss.  
Some think they pass unto the outmost sphere  
Of the sun's system grand, completing there  
Their state probationary : these are few,  
And but conjecture what they never knew ;  
For all the wise believe—on earth alone  
Man's acts are done for which he must atone,  
Or meet the bright reward that 's never done.

The friendly messenger now bade prepare  
To take our journey through the flowing air,  
And thinner ether. Rapid light obeys  
The means t' immortals known : compress'd the rays  
That came from earth obliquely ; borne in light,  
With light's swift wings we took our rapid flight  
To join the solar rays direct ; there turned,  
And with augmented force our chariot burned  
Along th' ethereal way ; and in less time  
Than I can now relate our flight sublime  
We stood on the next outward of the stars  
That Sol obey,—yclept by mortals Mars.

Our rapid course permitted not to scan  
With curious eye this fair abode of man,  
As we approach'd ; yet we could clearly see  
Extensive forests, the chief scenery,  
Diversified with plains and shining lakes ;  
And numerous rivers wind, like silver snakes,  
Through the bright verdure of the charming scene,  
Where all the vast varieties of green  
Soothe the charm'd eye. A nearer view display'd  
The countless riches of the beauteous shade

Of trees gigantic; never-failing fruit  
Affording endless feasts, prepared to suit  
The varied wish of those who wander there—  
The Copper tribes of men. Now, free from fear,  
They range with confidence the forest's glades,  
And rest unguarded 'neath its fruitful shades;  
No longer hear the twanging bow's rebound,  
Or the fell rifle's still more murderous sound;  
No longer fear that rival tribes may come  
To force their offspring to adopt a home  
With enemies, or tortured be with fire  
Till they, unflinching with their pains, expire.  
There they no longer dread the want of game,  
While trees with fruit abound, though not the same,  
Yet richer flavour'd than their fav'rite deer  
Or buffalo, with which they erst would cheer  
Their wearied bodies when the chase was o'er  
With happy issue, and the green turf floor  
Strew'd with abundance; while the tribe around  
Praised the Great Spirit for their hunting-ground.

The friendly messenger was pleased again  
Us to instruct, and thus proceeds his strain.

"The varied climates of this wood-bound sphere,  
Besides the red men, who inhabit here  
The middle regions, of mankind contain  
Those who in sledges roved the snowy plain,  
Drawn by their useful dogs or timid deer,  
Who could without the guiding compass steer  
Through ever-changing Polar drifts and wilds  
With course unerring. Where stern winter builds  
Long shores and rocks of ice, and firmly binds  
Vast oceans deep; and where the tempest finds

The watery waste one solid mass, t'engage  
 Its mightiest efforts and its utmost rage;  
 Yet scarce the outskirts yield to the fierce force,  
 While rumbling, grinding, crashing thunders hoarse  
 Outroar the storm; and split to iceberg start  
 Th' enormous masses, and a chill impart  
 To milder seas. Here bounty's SIRE provides  
 A rich repast for all; while knowledge guides  
 Each to his several want. The savoury root,  
 And many flavours of delicious fruit  
 Delight them now, who erst from fattest seal  
 Or oily whale had made their greasy meal.

“ But the delights of sense are ever short,  
 And seldom pure; and are but the resort  
 Of man unform'd to thought,—untrain'd to see  
 The noble quarry for the mind's activity.

“ Here, like a pris'ner waken'd from wild dreams  
 Of brighter scenes, by light's admitted beams  
 To find his vision real; the mind now wakes,  
 And through the realms of thought, unwearied  
 takes

Its boundless flights, where pleasures long endure,  
 That are, as is their source, for ever pure.  
 Here the wild children of the wood or waste,  
 The fount of intellectual pleasures taste  
 In its bright purity; and, thus inspired,  
 Through space's boundless scenes, unpall'd, untired,  
 Thought wings its way; and there surveys th' abode  
 And wondrous works of nature's Mighty God.  
 Here they prepare for higher scenes of joy,  
 Where the chief pleasure is the mind's employ,  
 Which in anticipation they ev'n now enjoy.



“ Yet think not all come to this fair abode,  
Or that none feel stern justice's vengeful rod.  
Those whose first life was famed for treachery,  
Or raised a name for wanton cruelty,  
Or stern oppression, find within this sphere  
A world internal: there the guilty are  
Confined, each for that equitable time  
As is just penalty for his degree of crime.”

We now repair'd to where the rulers meet,  
And where some were, the messenger to greet.  
For our approach had been observed from far,  
From the strong lustre of our brilliant car;  
And they, as earth-born men, would tidings hear;  
For all have much to hope, though nought to fear;  
And every messenger that cleaves the sky  
Brings hopes of good, that each man will apply  
Unto himself; urged by the strong desire  
To visit other worlds, more knowledge to acquire:  
Eager to know what the next state will be;  
Improved they know, but know not the degree.

His message told, the messenger retired,  
And left his audience with ambition fired,  
(To spread th' intelligence the globe around,)  
Each hoping that he might be worthy found  
To be elected deputy, and rise  
To the high honours of the good and wise.  
'Tis only those can pass from sphere to sphere  
Who have attain'd to high perfection there;  
And thus in other worlds: the mark is sure,  
The cumbrous body must one sphere endure.

Our friend return'd, we saw, with wond'ring sight,  
How quickly made! those splendid cars of light;  
Such is ethereal man, and mental might!

It seem'd but just to will, to all prepare,  
To dart us through the wide surrounding air,  
And with the speed of thought to be again  
In course sublime through the ethereal main.

Our noble guide (for truly noble there,  
Who have attain'd the power to travel air,)  
Would visit Ceres in his outward way,  
And other little orbs that seem to stray,  
In sullen loneliness the trackless space,  
On his return; when, with more time, he'd trace  
Their nearly viewless course. We had not been  
Sped in our easy chariot, well I ween,  
More than ten minutes of earth-meted time,  
Ere we saw Ceres move in space sublime  
Before us in our way; and scarcely seen,  
Ere we upon its turf of brownish green  
Did rest; while thousands crowded round to see  
If we were harbingers of Liberty.

But when our guide had said,—“ My message 's done  
When you are told,—Send quickly to the sun  
Your wisest man, to sit in council there;”  
The smiles of hope seem'd changing to despair:  
For all with earnest wish attend the day,  
That shall them call from Ceres' plains away.

Our noble friend now form'd another car  
Of splendid light, that, like a blazing star  
Convey'd us through the wide ethereal space;  
And while we did enjoy the rapid pace,  
And ease and comfort, he proposed to tell  
Who are the souls that on fair Ceres dwell.

He thus: “ On earth, e'er since our race began,  
There has increased a baseless pride in man.

Thus men, who never could, or never would,  
Produce aught learned or useful, or did good  
To serve mankind—presumed upon their blood.  
Some traced its course through heroes, and through  
dames,

Who better had t' oblivion given their names :  
Where those had risen by oppressive might,  
To power and wealth, despising law and right ;  
Where these led lives so glaringly impure,  
That pure succession was aught else than sure.  
Some that from servile courtiers date their rise,  
Who never did one action good or wise,  
Skill'd but to smile and bow, and serve the great  
In all the vices of despotic state ;  
To watch the eye, anticipate the wish—  
Be first to introduce a favourite dish ;  
And when dull jests, like leaden arrows fly,  
Praise the bright wit that lightens to the sky.  
Learn'd in the shoals and deeps of royal minds,  
They steer their barks where pliant service finds  
The sycophant's reward ; still seizing all  
The precious scraps that royal waste lets fall.  
And some, at whose descent none take offence,  
But only at the worthless son's pretence ;  
Who never did one noble act to grace  
His vaunted issue from a generous race.  
Weak minds from lack of sense themselves enhance,  
(Only the wise can judge of ignorance.)  
Onward they go, despising all mankind,  
Save those they think by blood select refined.  
'Tis thus these self-elected great arise ;  
Envied by fools, and pitied by the wise.

Vainly they think, that they than man are more,  
And thus on social wisdom shut the door;  
Thus, self-condemn'd to their own narrow sphere,  
Their bounded thoughts are neither free nor clear :  
But like to stagnant pools which weeds o'ergrow,  
Superfluous covering hides the want below  
Of those good qualities which health can bring,  
That flow abundant from the running spring.

“ Confined to Ceres, they their useless pride  
Find still more useless, where are none beside  
Themselves. It is ordain'd that none are there  
But those who, without reason, thought they were  
Superior to their kind; and dared to scorn  
Much better men, for only being born  
Of parents whom no list of tricks and crimes  
Had given blazon'd names to after times.  
When first they tread this residence select,  
While dreams of pride prevent that they reflect,  
They please themselves by thinking that they are  
Placed there, alone, by a particular care  
For their especial consequence. But when  
A few short years they 've pass'd with other men,  
Who there long residents have been, they find  
'Tis honour to be with, not separate from mankind;  
And, anxious, they anticipate the day  
When they to other worlds may speed away :  
Beside, their fathers who were good and wise,  
Reside not there,—these live in freer skies.

“ There, no dependents, who servilely wait  
With bows obsequious on their idle state ;  
But all must there their own attendants be,  
Or have and render mutual service free.

The roots and fruit on which they there subsist,  
Each now must gather; if one will desist,  
The pain of hunger will rebellion tame,  
He writhes and yields as parchment bends to flame.

“ Their pride on earth did not refuse to take  
Service unpaid; to unrewarded make  
The law-oppressed peasant sweat and broil,  
The profit ever theirs, and his the toil;  
To wrench their pittance from the poor forlorn,  
And meanly batten where their pride could scorn.  
Man 's the sole animal whose haughty pride  
Assumes superior birth; and would bestride,  
On this assumption false, his fellow man:  
Man, only man! to such base meanness can  
Be made submit, or ever willing be  
T' admit his own inferiority:  
Soon it will be with idle titles done;  
They'll have no value when men think they 've none.

“ Ceres' internal regions form a place,  
Where artful culprits wait the time of grace.  
There, who perform'd, or plann'd in olden times  
Mysterious, secret, dark and dreadful crimes;  
Who thought their deeds would ever hidden lie  
Ev'n from the ken of the All-seeing Eye;  
Now undeceived, they see, that who despise  
What wicked men call wisdom, are the truly wise.”

Now ceased our friendly guide, as we drew near  
That noble planet, seen so bright and clear  
From earth, named in earth's language Jupiter.  
He bade us mark as thitherward we verged,  
How fast the mighty orb, as we advanced, enlarged.  
This we observed with mute astonishment;  
And saw in it a mean to mete the speed we went.

The whirled brand of fire that seems a line  
Is but a point,—its swiftness makes it shine  
Upon th' impressed eye through all its course,  
Returning still ere th' impress fails in force ;  
Thus would our course by earth-held mortals seen,  
An instantaneous line of light have been ;  
Quick as the lightning's flash had passed away,  
Giving to night a momentary day.  
But to compare our little things with great,  
A mortal's swiftest speed with infinite ;  
This, in the time in which a brand is whirl'd,  
Would pass a distance, more than round a mighty  
world.

Where we descended is a spacious plain,  
Where twice ten thousand palaces contain,  
In easy elegance, uncramp'd by state,  
Some Europeans—noble, good, and great.  
That true nobility which man receives  
In genius, or which oft himself he gives  
When patient industry his mind improves,  
And wins the wisdom that he truly loves.  
That goodness, where the peasant and the peer  
Compete on equal terms, where each may steer  
His little bark through calms or winds that veer,  
Or driving tempests, by his own free-will :  
The hope of happiness applies the skill  
To hoist the sail, to stem the adverse tides ;  
And when the compass of the conscience guides,  
They bear their freight of good to all around ;  
While peace and joy through all their course are  
found.  
The best of knowledge is, what's right to know ;  
The best of wisdom is that right to do.

The greatness there, is not like some on earth,—  
An empty name, or accident of birth;  
A mere reflection of some grandsire's rays,  
Which, shining on their race through all their ways,  
But seems to dazzle them, not shew them right;—  
An ignis-fatuus,—not a beacon light.  
There, who have good and useful actions done,  
To serve mankind, unwittingly have won  
That high reward of virtuous minds—renown:  
Next, to that best reward, which conscience brings  
For virtuous deeds, which not the breath of kings  
Can take or give, nor lauding myriads make,  
Nor misled censuring millions its foundations shake.

We entered now a spacious splendid hall;  
Of high-priced stones on earth, the outer wall,  
And twice five hundred pillars mounting high,  
Support the roof, appearing like the sky,  
Where ever move, as from that globe 't is given  
To see, in order, all the spheres of heaven;  
And as they move in their unwearied way,  
Correctly mark their hours of night and day.  
Here sate the chosen council of the land,  
Respectfully to wait the high command,  
They knew, arrived. His message briefly told,—  
That they elect their wisest, who should hold  
Themselves in readiness to soon repair  
To join the council of the solar sphere.  
Our guide now to the noble Pole thus spake:  
“Whilst I some long erratic journeys take,  
To bid more great men leave these wide spread plains,  
With thee th' instructive pleasing task remains,  
The shew this child of earth what men are here,  
With other wonders of this noble sphere.”

He said, and straight the noble Pole replied :

“ This pleasing duty I fulfil with pride,  
In hopes he may some heaven-born truths relate,  
May serve mankind while in their mortal state.”

We then advanced beyond th’ extensive plain—  
Our first-made land. Throughout we saw remain,  
The mellow fruit (inviting every hand),  
Of every kind ev’n wishes would command;  
Each savoury viand’s richest flavour there,  
Is far surpass’d in this unpurchased fare;  
And while the ripen’d fruit hangs cluster’d round,  
Or, rich and fresh, enamels full the ground,  
The blushing blossoms breathe their sweets around.  
At once in every stage the trees are seen,—  
The bloom, the setting fruit, the full-grown green,  
And the mature. No poor attending are  
The slow returning seasons of the year;  
Seed-time and harvest are in constant union there:  
Spring, summer, autumn, but one season form,  
(Unknown the nipping frost and wintry storm,)  
And this for ever reigns, comprising all  
That mortal man would the delightful call;  
And being immortal, he with zest enjoys;  
While nobler aims his ardent mind employs.

We pass’d o’er hills and valleys, spreading wide,  
And ever where we went, we still descried,  
Sprinkled with palaces the whole domain;  
Which thus my friendly guide did well explain.

“ Here, nearly all alike the houses are,  
Large and convenient, where they can prepare  
All that a numerous family may need:  
In such societies all wish to lead



Their present lives,—improving and improved :  
 More knowledge they receive or give, the more  
     beloved.

Besides, ambition does not grovel here,  
 Racking the thought, how envied to appear.  
 Distinction to externals none assign,  
 But to the qualities of mind confine  
 The bright award. Not as, by man below,  
 'Tis given to a name or outward show ;  
 While genius, ere its day of proof can come,  
 Is pass'd unnoticed, should it say to some  
 The words of purest wisdom,—they are nought,  
 Since he's not famed or noted who the thought  
 Conceived : but should he gain the name of great,  
 All ears are raptured with but half the wit  
 Which erst had unregarded pass'd : 't is here,  
 The sense, and not the speaker, strikes the ear.  
 Here Europe's active sons find their abode,  
 With many of their race that other regions trod.  
 They the delights of sensual comforts find ;  
 But their chief joys are centred in the mind,—  
 Now ardent. Here they nature's wonders view,  
 And can uncheck'd by death their themes pursue.  
 But we will now more close observance make,  
 And join some friends who their refreshment take."

We entered an abode, whose fronts command  
 Extensive prospects o'er the smiling land.  
 With hospitable welcome all received  
 Their journeying brethren ; for 't is there believed  
 That none attain the Jupiterian sphere,  
 But those who full fraternal feelings share :  
 And 't is the rule—unquestioned come and go—  
 As each must best his own concerns know.

We enter'd, as at home,—for there was given  
 To me th' appearance of these guests of heaven,  
 That I might pass unnoticed with my friend.  
 This plan, so well adapted to its end,  
 Prevented perfectly that I should be  
 A constant show—a curiosity:  
 Left me unquestion'd of the news of earth,  
 To freely judge of things of greater worth;  
 To hear their wisdom, and to see their ways,  
 All, all proclaiming the Eternal's praise—  
 The true Eternal! th' only Being He,  
 Almighty! living from and through eternity.

The slight repast, of roots and fruits alone,  
 Presented luxuries to earth unknown;  
 And all earth's wedded tastes, if any wish  
 Still once again the flavour of a dish.  
 But these are thoughts which rarely cross the mind,  
 Whose pleasures are in intellect refined.  
 The glass, and wine, and ardent draughts unknown;  
 Lost, in the relish of their fruits alone,  
 Ev'n the desire. The light refection o'er,  
 They turn to thought, or converse as before;  
 To some pursuit that all the soul employs,  
 Knowledge its aim,—its end celestial joys.

Arise my soul, who once presuming said,  
 Ere manly thought had ballasted the head,—  
 "They are but men who mount to th' highest fame;  
 I am a man, my heritage will claim,  
 And add a virtuous glory to my name."  
 'T is now the time, now thy life's debts are due,  
 To try to make this youthful aspiration true.  
 Now task severest thought, to sing with fire  
 The little thou canst sing: all would require

More time than to man's mortal life is given,  
And words of force but to be found in heaven.  
Oh! grant me force,—O THOU who dost inspire  
The soul with thought!—THY own celestial fire.

Their manners are, in their most social life,  
To mortal man with good instruction rife:  
They never, in conversing, will pretend  
T' assist who speaks, but always hear the end;  
They never on another's failings dwell,  
And never speak of absentees but well.  
To their sojourn compared, the life of man  
Is beautifully express'd as "but a span;"  
Yet they ne'er spend the night, or waste the day,  
In the strange, anxious, idleness of play;  
Nor can the wildest stretch of mad caprice,  
That fav'rite instrument of avarice,  
There introduce; for though their hoards are small,  
The hoard of every one's the hoard of all;  
And all consists of instruments and books,  
With which man for the known, or unknown, looks;  
And these, to set upon a point at play,  
Giving for darkness the clear light of day,  
Would be a madness, which they thankful are  
Is yet unknown to man on Jupiter.

All their amusements are unknown to strife:  
Each makes the follies of his former life  
A theme for jest, or lively ridicule,—  
A source of mirth for ever running full.  
The well-remembered consequential air  
Oft moves to pleasant thoughts the witty fair;  
That sweet reserve, which on our earth we love  
As virtue, in society above  
Is but a grace, as there all equal move;

No longer call'd their beauteous heads to bow  
To haughty men, their lords assumed below.

Think not, because I seldom name the fair,  
That they are not in equal numbers there ;  
That they are not esteemed, as when on earth,  
For graceful sense and more than beauty's worth ;  
It is that none for sex distinction claim,  
They rank with man, and are of right the same.  
Loved, though unclaim'd, as mother, daughter, wife,  
Still, as on earth, the velvet-side of life.  
The smoothing oil of nature's social plan,  
To soften down th' asperities of man.  
Besides, their minds there take a wider range,  
And all th' indignities of man avenge,  
By springing to an equal flight of thought,  
Untrammell'd by the bonds by earthly customs  
wrought.

'Tis vainly man expects much from the fair,  
While education's grafts ill chosen are :  
'Tis the well chosen graft we comprehend,  
Turns nature's vigour to the noblest end,  
Inserted in the stock commands the root,  
And gives, where sour had come, the choicest fruit.

I may advert to dress, on earth the care  
And the acknowledged province of the fair ;  
As 'tis to female taste and care men owe  
Its grace and comforts in their life below ;  
But there, on Jupiter, things altered are,  
And none care less about it than the fair ;  
Yet all are clad with the elegance and ease  
That might the most fastidious mortals please.  
The cup-form'd petals of their flowers they take,  
And robes more elegant than art can make

They in a moment form : some of a size  
Gigantic will the human form comprise ;  
And thus scarce any aid from art require,  
To make a faultless robe, superb, entire.  
And, when they choose the lesser flowers for change,  
No sempstress' art is needed to arrange  
And join ; they moisten where they would unite,  
And all is done that can be requisite,  
Save drying, when they qualities combine  
Than down more soft,—than Persian silks more fine.  
And, when an outward garment's wanted there,  
They need but to the shady grove repair,  
And take some ample leaf, would make Cashmere,  
With it compared, as sackcloth coarse appear.  
These robes ne'er fade, nor with the air, nor light,  
But as they dry present to touch and sight  
Texture more soft, and colours still more bright.  
Clad in such robes their graceful forms appear,  
When lightly moving, as if treading air,  
Superior beings ; and truly such they are !  
To draw a simile from earthly things,  
Compare with peasant's clothes the state of kings ;  
With her attire who gleans the harvest field,  
The silken pomp imperial toilets yield ;  
Such are too near, and can't the difference shew  
Between what now they are, and me and you ;  
But that it may by all be seen aright,  
With murky darkness, go, compare the light.  
There all are simple, modest, dight with grace,  
No airs superior ever spoil the pace,  
Nor curl'd contempt the features of the face.  
None of another's faults will ever know ;  
And scandal's left with envious dames below.

They give as reasons for discarding all  
Unkind allusions to what might befall  
On earth, that they ought not to interfere  
With the wise sentence that had sent them there ;  
And as all justly might recriminate,  
They'd idly search the past—the fix'd of fate,  
Neglecting the rich field unknown—their forward  
state.

We now repair'd unto a rich alcove,  
Which form'd the period of a garden's grove,  
Where in discussion on some plants we found  
Some skilful chemists, botanists profound,  
With others, that of general nature are  
Admirers, fix'd with rapt attention there ;  
And learned mechanicians also took  
Deep interest in perusing nature's book,  
Where sacred Truth writes her unerring code :  
The Book of Nature is the Book of God,  
The only uncorrupted source of truth ;  
There wisest age may learn with ardent youth.  
Who read it well, will prejudice decry,  
With her distorting glass, that shews awry  
All nature's truths, or indiscriminate  
Sees but her own wide-warp'd creations straight.  
The genus or the species not alone  
The motive to investigate ; 't is done  
With views more comprehensive, far beyond .  
Where earth's fair sciences would correspond ;  
To fix'd effects, ruled by eternal laws,  
Where nature is, just next to God, the cause.  
These to investigate, to know the means  
Here used, is what their heav'nly learning gleans :

Is what, above, each ardent mind employs,  
And gives to man the inexhaustible of joys.

But first I shall attend upon the fair  
(’Tis the like deference that is paid them there),  
Who held close council in a harbour near,  
And where, by right poetical, I was to hear.  
Amusements there to useful knowledge tend,  
As does all intercourse of friend with friend.  
Gossip like this would there offend the ear:  
“How ill-dress’d here, what tawdry finery there,  
What at a party had been said or done,  
Or what at gaming had been lost and won!”  
Such follies, smiled at there, are laid aside;  
And why the colour of a flower was pied,  
When the like juices fed the whole, and came  
Through strainers, whose organic form appear’d the  
same,

Then gave the theme. Conjectures ventured here,  
Examination oft made false appear.  
Some thought ’t was from the root the difference rose,  
And some would in the bud the variance disclose.  
A sage observed, till they the bud are near  
All seems exact similitude; ’t is there  
Th’ organic difference, I suggest, may be.  
But let us ask advice of those who clearer see;  
For, think more freely, and I judge ’t will prove  
The difficulty we transfer, above,—  
Below, but don’t explain. Still in our way  
Our doubts prevent our brilliant display,  
And hide, like clouds, the glories of our day;  
For from the root the varied flower-bud springs,  
And thus from thence its variations brings.

Alas ! said one,—we still are where we were ;  
But as our knowledge is inferior here  
To what it will be in a higher sphere,  
Let us th' advice just hinted at now take,  
And on our recent lords' wise councils break.  
Perhaps their longer habitude of thought  
May, seriously I speak, have to them brought  
As 't were a power intuitive : I ween,  
Without such, none in Jupiter's so keen  
As to explain what we so difficult have seen.

A modest mien and cheerful countenance  
Were all their preparation to advance  
Before their ancient lords. Announced,—they were  
Escorted gallantly, by equal numbers there.  
No time is lost upon mere form alone,  
Where, for precedence, strife is never known :  
Urbane reception was repaid the while,  
By heav'nly rays which shot from every smile.

All seated, and their cause for coming told,  
A sage observed,—“ In our employ behold  
What may in some degree the case explain.  
Here are the seeds of many roses, deign  
That their minute distinctions be your care ;  
For they, ev'n of our eyes in Jupiter,  
Require attention strict. Let none contend,  
To some long favour'd theory, to bend  
The sacred truth : as we have known on earth,  
Hard, serious arguments but waken mirth ;  
When hot sectarians in an old dispute,  
While straining all their powers but to confute,  
Forgot the search for truth ; while standers by,  
More cool, have open'd reason's watchful eye,



And seen that neither were from error free;  
Then left them to contest a fruitless victory.

“ We will to Nature’s earliest point proceed:  
Where God’s right hand presents to her, in seed,  
A work, so perfect, it at once contains  
The future tree that shall adorn the plains  
With flowers and fruit; and, for the future need,  
Th’ important power of forming other seed  
In a succession endless. These rose-seeds are  
Red, pale, and white,—and a variety more rare,  
Red mix’d with white: see, in the cores appear  
The different structures,—though minute, yet clear.  
These from the seed continued to the bud,  
Cause the variety no mortal could  
Foresee,—and seen, he wonders how infused:  
We far more wonder, here, how simply ’t is produced!  
What mechanicians may as structure claim,  
And chemists learn’d affinities may name,  
Are found in nature’s plastic hand the same:  
Reason will prove, in nature’s simple laws,  
Organic structure ’s of affinities the cause.  
’T is but organic chemistry divine  
Can the few simple elements combine,  
Diffuse and change a million million ways;  
Provides, to ripen ’neath the solar blaze,  
Ten thousand various fruits that court his rays;  
Provides th’ innumerable herbs that give  
Unnumber’d animals the means to live;  
Provides in these the blood, the fat, the bone:  
Yea, ’t is organic chemistry alone,  
Ordain’d by thee, O God,—by laws—all! all! thine  
own!”

Could I have seen, like them, with heavenly eyes,  
And closely read those wonders of the wise,  
I might explain what to such eyes appear'd  
So plainly different,—unconfined to what I heard.

In botany, man's not thought learned there,  
Till he can take a seed and make appear,  
Dissecting it, what flower and fruit the tree will bear;  
Can form a branch, a blade of grass, explain  
The root, the seed, and all they will contain  
Of farinaceous substance, and their oils;  
Their adaptation, too, to different soils;  
In shaded gardens if it love to grow,  
Or open plains, or on the mountain's brow.

My thoughts reverting to the scenes of earth,  
Straight to some dear remembrances gave birth,  
Of those who strewed with joys my life below,  
My mother and loved wife; and Naylor,—thou  
Loved brother of my soul, where art thou fled,  
Now thou art number'd with th' immortal dead?  
In which celestial orb thy spirit free,  
Finds now a heaven that's suitable to thee,  
Where virtue and intelligence unite,  
O! could I know. Straight to my raptured sight  
Appear'd, from where some globes had hid the view,  
All three. They smiled and beckon'd an adieu;  
The time is near when we shall welcome thee,  
In this and other scenes of souls made free,  
To part at present's best,—all seem'd to say,  
While they with gliding motion walk'd away.  
I felt as one by wavy visions tost,  
Who having long a much-loved being lost,  
Beholds her form approach; in thought prepares  
T' embrace the object of his grief and cares;

Extends his arms that oft the fair had prest,  
Which, closing, press his own unhappy breast.  
The shadowy vision, by his mind prepared,  
Refusing by gross senses to be shared,  
He, disappointed, wakes; again is hurl'd,  
His cares renew'd, into the care-worn world.  
So vanish'd my immediate bliss away;  
But hope was left me, that some future day,  
If I my soul by virtuous deeds improve,  
I shall rejoin in bliss those objects of my love.

While walking through the fruitful woods and plains,  
Or from the mountains viewing wide domains,  
Neglected mineral ores are seen around,  
And the bright diamond sparkles on the ground.  
But few are gather'd, polish'd, or adorn  
The person there; such trifles too much worn,  
Add little praise to heads on which they're borne.  
Metals for needful purposes are used,  
But never, by amassing them, abused;  
With them they instruments of science make,  
And different sorts for various tools they take.  
Those stones are used also for sciences,  
As placed on diamonds pivots turn with ease;  
Some (such on earth would grace imperial crowns)  
Support the pins on which a grindstone turns.  
They serve as glass, when men with ardent eyes  
Attempt to read the wonders of the skies,  
To pierce the vast profundity, and trace  
Revolving systems in all boundless space:  
Yet, viewing far beyond the solar skies,  
Distance immense, with telescopic eyes,  
Is, when compared to God's unbounded whole,  
Like man's short vision when the thick mists roll

O'er all the land, and only let appear,  
And indistinctly, the few objects near.

'T is not that there utensils are of gold ;  
Or molten silver in capacious mould  
Is formed ; such are for use, not grand or rare ;  
And what is in abundance none need spare :  
'T is not that there, all fruits uncultured come ;  
That man is saved the labours of the loom ;  
That beauty blushes in unfading bloom ;  
Or that none need life's termination fear ;  
That are of happiness the fountains there.  
No ! their stronghold of happiness depends  
On that urbanity which never ends ;  
And which, as hospitable men on earth their friends,  
All entertain : 't is a perpetual feast,  
Where each assisteth others to the best.  
How different this to what some understand,  
Who, wasting half the produce of the land,  
The wealthy gluttons, find, while sense they pall,  
Perpetual feasting is no feast at all.

On little things depend men's bliss below,  
The daily, hourly needs they undergo ;  
Not on those great events for which they strive,  
Which rarely happen in their time to live :  
As earthquakes earth, these make men rise or fall,  
In all the rest, no difference at all ;  
But those, the rough or smooth in all their ways,  
Can fill with joy or sorrow all their days :  
A wife must give or take, view every side,  
More bliss or grief than all the world beside.

Studies so numerous and so varied are,  
That none in their pursuit e'er weary there.

Knowledge is now their grand desire become ;  
With zest pursued : so wanderers strive for home,  
Who lost and weary o'er the wide waste roam.

Some to the learning that from earth is brought,  
Make the corrections, more extended thought  
Approves ; and smile at pseudo-sapient rules,  
Infallible in colleges and schools :

Where ancient custom, with its lantern dim,  
Decides on merit by the length of time  
That aught has been ; and junior wisdom bears  
The curse of follies aged five hundred years ;  
Where 'gainst old edicts nature strives in vain,  
And conserved statutes rising genius chain ;  
And men forget, fix'd on proud learning's stools,  
The light of nature was before their schools ;  
And, where they're good, the founder of their rules.  
Their meeds of learning now low rated are,  
While ev'ry friended dunce th' initials share :  
Like honour's emblems, now so dealt about,  
While oft the motives so admit of doubt,  
That honour well prefers to go without.

Some on the sea-beat shore, in full detail  
How nature gives some fishes coats of mail,  
Or stony dwellings ; how, where, but love bribes,  
Or safety urges, ocean's insect tribes,  
Races minute and feeble, are well made  
Creating instruments, meant to invade  
With islands, continents, stupendous, vast,  
The mighty empire of the watery waste.  
Some where deep clefts in rocks admit the day,  
Will, in unwearied search, pursue their way ;  
The strata and their various lodgments see,  
Accounting in their minds how it might be,

If that these masses were all loosely mix'd,  
That they selected were, that they were fix'd :  
Explaining why each kind distinct is found,  
And the cements by which they all are bound :  
Then, tracing how ev'n particles were made,  
The mystery of forming mighty worlds invade ;  
The laws of their creation dare t' explain,  
And those which, by th' Almighty's power, the whole  
sustain.

Some still advance in paths where Newton trod,  
And through all nature trace the hand of God ;  
Explain the laws that balance world with world,  
Providing safety while through space they're hurl'd  
With such a force—to calculate the speed,  
Yet find them habitations for man's need,  
Must make all other difficulties plain,  
And prove a God who all things can attain :  
Man much may wonder, but can't doubt again.  
Some further wonders, too, their minds amuse,  
Which, while on earth, were hidden or abstruse.  
They calculate the light the sun there gives,  
And what their world from its bright belts receives ;  
How much reflections from its moons produce,  
With all their laws, and their important use,  
While swiftly round their master world they play,  
And make the night a rival of the day.  
Then these advantages they well remark,  
They have no winter, and 't is never dark.  
And, without seasons to denote the years,  
Their slow return by no strong mark appears ;  
Time gliding smoothly, they from sorrow free,  
Gives them a bright commencement of eternity.

With patient industry they much achieve,  
 And honours missed on earth, they well retrieve;  
 With steady pace, intent, pursue their end,  
 Nor think, by spurts, a loitering course to mend,  
 Or gain the distant goal : so the free horse  
 Shews truest spirit in the lengthen'd course.

The seeming wants, from Sol's light influence  
 there,

Compensated in rich abundance are ;  
 Peculiarities of atmosphere  
 Acquiring and retaining heat, and light  
 Is from its belts, in their own nature bright,  
 Emitted, yielding a refulgent day ;  
 While scarce less brilliantly night wends its way  
 Through its few silent hours. Thy bounties fall  
 On all thy worlds, ALMIGHTY GOD OF ALL !

Our friend return'd, and said,—“ The solar rays  
 Propitious are for our long course through space ;  
 And as we smoothly glide through the serene  
 Of heaven, I will relate where I have been,  
 And what in some parts of my journey seen.”

With a celerity surpassing aught  
 That e'er was entertained in boldest thought  
 Of power in man, our car of light was form'd—  
 Around us form'd ; with such all must be charm'd.  
 Reclined at ease, our every turn was rest ;  
 More close, more soft than down, by fluid light  
 comprest :

So heavy whales in circumambient seas,  
 And lighter tribes in rivers, couch sublime at ease.

Soon as we had commenced our swift career,  
 Our friendly guide began : “ In Jupiter,

Like, as in earth, I've lately said, is found  
 A world internal,—light, capacious, round,  
 In just proportion to the world in which 't is bound.  
 Proportion'd too, to size and atmosphere  
 Electric; meteoric lights are there,  
 Which shoot incessantly their pallid rays,  
 Producing what on earth were gloomy days.  
 Thus Saturn, and Uranus, distant star,  
 With inner, habitable worlds, provided are;  
 So nearly like, that telling what I've seen  
 In Jupiter's interior world, I ween,  
 Is saying all that can important be  
 To know of the concerns internal of all three.

“When in this spacious world we look around,  
 We note no difference from th' external ground,  
 Save in its produce, and that dun clouds fly  
 Unceasing, in the sunless, meteoric sky,  
 Keeping the view confined. There may be seen,  
 In active industry employed, the men  
 Who there are sent, for all the thousand sins,  
 Each one of which its numerous vot'ries wins  
 From virtue's path: sins which attach to all,  
 And which on earth, men oftentimes venial call.  
 Justly applied to number and degree  
 Of crime, the time men are condemn'd to be  
 Free prisoners there. Each digs and tills with care  
 The little land which forms his labour's share:  
 Intent for his past errors to atone,  
 His actions there his former follies own.  
 I said to one who negligently turn'd  
 Large grains of gold: On earth you had not spurn'd,  
 Or pass'd so carelessly that yellow ore,  
 But would have sought with eager care for more;



Has it no value here? He made reply :  
' We use it for our wants unsparingly,  
Where it suits best ; too soft, it will not do  
Wherewith to dig the land. This corn I sow  
Is the true treasure of the sober mind ;  
Richer than molten gold it waves in every wind.  
We here know well, what might on earth have been  
The greatest good, could all men there have seen  
Their real interest, and have acted there,  
As now, that we are wiser, we do here.  
Instead of luxury, a few to pall,  
Here temperate plenty is diffused to all,  
And none for alms upon their brethren call.  
Instead of those extremes of evil, where  
The poor have envy, and the rich have fear,  
We all, with little toil, supply what's needful here.  
And here, instead of anxious search of wealth,  
That hoards up cares, but often injures health,  
All are quite certain of their needful share :  
'T is the true riches which exempts from care.  
As here we rest (as every day appears)  
But a few hundreds of earth-meted years,  
'Twere folly we should waste those years in pain,  
And anxious care, for an unreal gain  
We leave so soon. Our customs, laws refuse  
That men appropriate more than they can use.  
We know the best employment is t' improve  
Our minds ; that knowledge, when we're called above,  
Will us accompany ; and modell'd are  
Our institutions, that all men may share,  
In full equality, the means and time  
Its gems to gain : t' examine the sublime

Of nature's wondrous art; enraptur'd there,  
Behold th' Almighty's bounty everywhere;  
In the frail herb, and in the whirling sphere.—  
For earth-done follies though we're punish'd here;  
We have less cares than when on earth we were.  
None are accused of what on earth was done;  
That all had faults by this abode is known,  
But none remark on others, or their own.  
We see too clearly what in our first life,  
Caused the chief bickerings and the serious strife,  
That scarcely let God's gift a blessing be  
To the deceived, oppress'd majority.  
To practise here such follies o'er again,  
Were digging pitfalls where God made a plain.  
Here with inferior means of bliss we are  
By juster social conduct, happier far,  
Than when on the fair earth we held our way,  
While the sun and stars made brilliant night and day;  
Where its productions all contested are,  
In petty quarrels, or extensive war:  
Alas! man should feel endless shame to tell,  
That vestibule of heaven was oftentimes made a hell.  
We, like experienced mariners, now shun  
The rocks and shoals where half mankind have run;  
And with our utmost care for virtue strive,  
That we may soon with the more virtuous live.'  
"This resident's report, now told to you,  
I, from experience, know is strictly true;  
And that the higher worlds internal are  
In all important things so similar,  
'T were quite superfluous to describe another sphere.  
But we to Saturn, splendid orb, draw near;  
Where I shall leave you, and with swift career

Go where Uranus, near the outward bound  
Of the sun's system, flies its wondrous round:  
Its force as oft will duplicate in speed  
The cannon-ball, as this the generous steed:  
Yet man on earth must live beyond the bound  
Of human life, ere it completes th' enormous round."

Here ceased our friendly messenger, while we  
On Saturn placed, saw him depart, and be  
In one short moment like a meteor seen,  
The next, in distance lost in the serene  
Expanse of heaven. In thought absorb'd, amazed,  
We silent at the closed up passage gazed:  
Thus would a man, a whirlwind dropp'd unharm'd,  
Look, straining for its course—by wonder charm'd.

BOOK IV.

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PLACED on a mountain's elevated brow,  
Commanding bright, extensive plains below,  
And of the heavens uninterrupted view,  
Where far Uranus' moons their double speed pursue.  
Of these and Jupiter's our wonder rose,  
How the Almighty's hand could them dispose,  
Between projectile and attractive force,  
To be for ever balanced in their course :  
While with a speed that mocks all human thought  
To comprehend, their perfect safety's wrought.  
Vainly comparisons assist the mind,  
That it some resting-place for thought may find ;  
That it may ev'n a faint idea gain  
Of their vast speed through the heavens ethereal main.  
T' assist our thoughts, 't is vainly we compare  
The sloth that moves but to his failing fare,  
With the swift eagle that the yielding air  
Divides, when, fiercely, on his sounding wing,  
From the high cloud intently issuing  
To pounce the hare ; the snail, to proverb slow,  
T' exploded balls ; as aught of swift below  
To what of their unwearied speed we know.

All, all fall short; all quite inadequate  
To man's confused conceptions extricate  
From the delirium of thoughts that spring  
From this inexplicably wondrous thing.  
Such speed defying all we can compare,  
Save swiftest light, which leaves us where we were,  
Inexplicable with inexplicable to compare.  
More wondrous still th' Almighty's works we prove;  
Cast from His hand, all worlds unslack'ning move;  
His impulse given, 't is for eternity;  
Thus durable is all that God wills so to be.  
Yet on those whirling worlds, whose wondrous course  
Defies our thought to comprehend their force  
And speed, man lives secure, seems still, finds rest;  
Finds in their bourns the mansions of the blest.  
Oh! God of all! can man contemplate these  
Thy works so wondrous—yet pretend he sees  
Not Thee? Who thinks, can never atheist be!  
Or contrary to reason's light must see:  
For lo! Thou art proclaim'd by all around;  
In great and small Thy witnesses abound;  
The least of which man's deepest thoughts confound  
T' explain its wonders; but to give to chance  
The whole, ev'n his own mind, is ignorance  
And apathy of thought; it is to be  
Wilfully blind, or light refuse to see.  
Oh! were each mind but open to the light  
Reflected from creation's objects bright,  
Thy work, O God! with rapture all would see,  
Their exquisite of happiness will be  
To live for ever,—still approaching Thee!  
Upon the summit of the mountain were  
Astronomers, intently noting there

Th' Uranian moons: it being then the time  
When that fair planet in its course sublime  
Convenient moved. Zobieski introduced,  
Without the formal prayer to be excused,  
Himself and me; and straight inquiry made  
If any 'mongst their learned party had  
To those gay satellites a traveller been;  
Or if they ever had such traveller seen;  
As he was urged by strong desire to know  
Who are their habitants, and what they were below.

A sage replied,—“None here are honour'd yet  
With power, at will, this master-sphere to quit;  
But more ethereal men, who there have been,  
Have told us part of what they there have seen.  
By their reports (reports none need to doubt,  
For such ne'er feign to eke their subject out),  
Who now inhabit each subaltern world  
In these high regions round their ruling planets  
hurl'd

With speed incomprehensible, are those  
Who, while on earth, were to all thought the foes,  
Giddy and careless; who dress'd, danced and sung,  
As if all happiness on follies hung.  
With them the days of sport would never end;  
Yet found no time to raise a fallen friend.  
Not that they hoarded or ev'n cared for pelf,  
But were too busy with important self,  
And their companions in the giddy round,  
To be with poor misfortune ever found.  
From every country, and each varied clime,  
Are such located for a length of time  
Proportion'd to their negligence of mind,  
And light indifference for all mankind.

But now on these attendant worlds they find  
All mutually dependent on their kind,  
Where each has to improve a vacant mind.  
There, also those from penal worlds, who come  
In countless numbers, who, pursuant their doom,  
A thousand years to bleakest moons are sent  
Preparatory to the grand event,  
When their purgation o'er the pris'ners fly  
To virtue's consorts and a kinder sky.  
There all must till and dig a niggard soil,  
Yet find but scanty harvests for their toil.  
Small produce yield their lands for want of rain,  
As they with sorrow know, for want of thought the  
brain.

Though these unclouded moons seem ever clear,  
They have a light transparent atmosphere.  
Were there no atmosphere no dews would rise ;  
Without support these could not mount the skies :  
And on their daily rise and nightly fall  
Those thin-clad worlds dependent are for all  
Of moisture they receive upon their land,  
To feed the soil, to fix the silver sand,  
And nature all refresh : but there no clouds  
Can form, to be precipitated down in floods,  
To level hills and deluge all the plains,  
As in the denser atmospheres the heavy rains.

“ In the light medium of their thin dry air  
Man's form feels heavier, and he moves with care ;  
All are by this to gravest motions tamed ;  
It leads to thought, and has their minds inflamed  
With thirst of knowledge, and they there are now  
Competitors in mind with us below ;  
Where all desire God's marv'llous works to know.

“ We having now our observations made,  
And seen a Georgian moon move retrograde,”  
Said the wise searcher of the skies, “ we will  
The rites of hospitality fulfil,  
If these good strangers with us will descend  
Unto the plain.” We said we would attend  
With pleasure, and should gratefully retain  
In memory reception so urbane.

In our descent the conversation ran  
Upon God's bounty to his creature man.  
The friendly sage observed,—“The ring that late  
So brilliant shone will gradually abate  
In splendour till the sun attains its height,  
As gradually will then resume its light  
Till it displays its own bright noon of night.  
Almighty God! how wonderful Thy ways  
To compensate each want! Here the sun's rays,  
By the extension of their circle, fall,  
But in one-ninetieth part earth's favour'd ball  
Receives their force: behold our splendid ring  
For want of solar beams equiv'lent bring  
Of light and cheering heat. Here well we know,  
That, as on earth, the highest mountain's brow,  
Though with unclouded skies, is colder far  
Than shaded, cloud-protected valleys are.  
Less on the rays direct the cause of heat  
Depends, than on the medium on which they beat;  
They more elicit than directly give,  
The most depends on what the rays receive;  
Some fall and die, some generate and live.  
Our glorious canopy, divinely bright,  
Gives its just share of heat as well as light;



And thus the All-wise Architect hath given  
This world full share in bliss abounding heaven."

Zobieski ask'd if Saturn's surface were  
Divided as on earth the countries are,  
In states and kingdoms strict, for taxing or for war.  
When our Saturnian friend with smiles replied:  
"Man has no motive here to so divide  
The land; no tax, nor war's disgraceful curse;  
Man wears no sword, nor ever needs a purse.  
No foreign country here; where'er they roam  
Through this wide world, men ever are at home.  
But this is not peculiar to this sphere,  
Save on the earth, all other worlds, we hear,  
Are like our own. No sordid cares are known,  
And none appropriate, to themselves alone,  
The countless blessings that each hand await,  
In the first essay of th' immortal state.  
Civilization is quite perfect here,  
For all are safe, and meet with brothers everywhere:  
It is not here mere etiquette and show,  
Or a few light accomplishments to know;  
All are unlearn'd, or have forgot, to cringe and bow.  
'T is not to give the mode, be trimly dight,  
Or versed in phrases that are termed polite,  
Or how to turn professions of respect  
The newest way, so that but few detect  
Their insincerity—their lack of heart,  
While on the surface they perform their part.  
'T is not professions of humanity,  
Inspecting prisons, that the guilty be  
In comfort and paraded plenty placed;  
While Poverty's pale victim, much distress'd,

Oft passes starving nights without the door  
 Of mansions dedicated to the poor;  
 Or forced to prison, pines; as if men would  
 Be wilfully in need if 'scape they could  
 That demon of all sects. 'T is not to see  
 Unwilling want receive the meed of felony.  
 'T is not that poverty has no sure claim  
 (While heartless laws protect from legal shame  
 The heartless man), that it must begging go  
 From magistrate to governor to and fro:  
 That can't assist, and this all claim defies,  
 Till the poor wretch all mortal wants escaping—dies.  
 'T is not that man must part with all before  
 Relief is given; then pass the fatal door,  
 Where wife from husband, mother from her child  
 Must part; and being thus of all beguiled,  
 Should health and strength return, must enter on,  
 To them, a barren world, no bed to rest upon;  
 Thus ev'n of hope of future weal bereft,  
 That fuller purses to the rich be left.  
 'T is not, that such, enacting laws to free  
 Far distant men, more clearly justice see;  
 And for the injured slave of sable hue,  
 Admit a clause which is to nature due,  
 Providing that no wife from husband parts,  
 Nor that their reft offspring mourn with breaking  
 hearts.\*  
 'T is not to boast,—man's free when in a clime!  
 Talk not of freedom where to beg is crime!

\* The Slave Abolition Act expressly provides that the wife of the slave shall not be separated from her husband, nor the children from either.

Where being in need but opes the poorhouse wall'd,  
Or that by excellence a prison call'd;  
Where poverty's shut up from air and health,  
To save a trifle of the rich man's wealth.  
'T is not that rich men making laws, will all  
Protect their class—that civilized we call;  
Or that arm'd men support their claim of right,  
Who, being paid, unquestioning will fight;  
Or that by social feasters man's forgiven  
For toasting impious wishes 'fore high heaven;  
Wishes, if answer'd, would whole nations force  
To vile hypocrisy, or, scarcely worse,  
T' extermination indiscriminate,  
Because their faith's unlike, from birth or fate.

“'T is where the bulk of mankind happy are;  
And but th' ambitious not, who guilty are;  
Where laws are made to reason, justice true,  
By, and to serve the many—not the few.  
It is—that man, where'er his journey tends,  
Finds home and brethren, and true social friends.  
It is—that man is never rich or poor;  
Nor spurns, nor e'er is spurn'd from any door.  
But like the bees, who cull from every flower  
Mellifluous dew, through every sunny hour,  
With equal industry, unquestion'd right,  
Each meeting all with equal claim and might;  
While what they spare they hoard with waxen wall,  
None hoarding up for self, but each for all:  
Thus we, instead of hoarding wealth and care,  
Not wanting that, from this exempted are.  
It is—none here with others interfere,  
The laws being simple, and man's duty clear;

And that to arm none ever make pretence,  
As arms are not required for self-defence  
Where none will e'er attack ; no feuds have place,  
And the sun smiles upon eternal peace."

Arriving on the plain, our friends proposed  
To take refreshment where all uninclosed  
The various fruit trees, mix'd with clinging vines,  
Form'd gardens, where variety of pines,  
And far more luscious fruits that never cloy,  
Which would experienced gormands years employ  
To labour through their flavours full and fine ;  
Some grapes, as earth's, fresh gathered from the vine,  
And some are flavour'd like long guarded wine.  
Of such the light repast. This served in gold  
Of massive weight and elegance of mould,  
That earthly princes would such stores behold  
With cank'ring envy ; yet such things are there  
In universal use, and none need spare.  
Gold is preferr'd as uncorrosive—neat,  
And for such purposes most cleanly sweet ;  
And easily to any form 't is wrought,  
That may for use or elegance be sought.  
All are refresh'd ; none ever burthen'd rise,  
Exhibiting through wild and twinkling eyes  
Senses confused. Refreshed nature gives  
Desire of action, makes man feel he lives.  
'Twas thus with these ; their mild collation o'er,  
No sensual want to check, the mind the more  
Seem'd thirsting for the streams of wisdom's lore.  
And all withdrew into a spacious hall,  
One such attach'd to every house they call  
Th' amusement room. In these what all desire,  
Those instruments all sciences require,

And arts ingenious, are in plenty found ;  
All free, for all the studious neighbours round.  
The room first entered was ingeniously  
Adapted to research in chemistry.  
Th' experiments commenced, and you might there  
Their deep proficiency with mortal man's compare ;  
Behold th' analysis of metals, stones,  
Of fat and lean, of hair, of blood and bones,  
Of wood and leaves, of flowers and fruits ; the sour,  
The sweet, the bitter, or astringent power.  
Of these in the varieties yet known,  
The cause of each peculiarity is shewn ;  
And all the gases which constituent are  
Of each ; and each with others they compare.  
But most astonishing was their discourse,  
Remarking on the gases and their force ;  
Their rushing, whirling, and their mixing streams,  
To their eyes, as to ours, the solar beams,  
Glancing through clouds that swiftly pass along,  
Now lost, again quite brilliant, clear, and strong ;  
These all could see, I by their converse knew.  
From their remarks, I this conclusion drew :  
That to their heav'n-born sight gas is as plain  
As to mere mortal sight the foaming main,  
In its strong streams, its eddies, and its waves,  
Where it the rocky promontory laves.  
Besides 't was evident each gas they knew  
Without a test, and simply by the view.  
They see the changes fiery gas assumes,  
When all its parts fire seemingly consumes ;  
They see its volume lessen or dilate,  
From shrinking cold or all expanding heat,  
Or closely pack'd in its quiescent state.

With marv'llous skill some try experiments  
Upon some vast receptacle's contents ;  
Of water, air, and still more fluid gas,  
Reducing each into a solid mass,  
Into their latent, most compressed state ;  
Then they again from durance extricate  
The volatile constituents of each mass ;  
Shewing how nature doth select, and class,  
And reconcile th' extremes of solid and of gas.  
To mortal eyes and penetration dull,  
This was surpassing, strangely wonderful,  
Disheartening, till the reflection came—  
A little while and thou may'st be the same.  
As a tired trav'ler on a woody plain,  
For distant prospects looks around in vain ;  
But when ascending the high mountain's side,  
At each advance new objects are descried ;  
The summit gained, dejecting doubts adieu,  
Wide earth and heaven are open to his view :  
So, while earth's bounded knowledge man confines,  
He moves in doubt, and for more light repines ;  
But to the immortal's science, it is given  
To scan th' Almighty's works in earth and heaven.

Their pleasures there are not that all around  
Fruits without culture almost hide the ground,  
Comprising all that earth's fair climes produce,  
And thousands more soliciting their use ;  
But that the mind's expansion opes to all,  
The means to make all nature's wonders fall  
Within their grasp of knowledge : they with joy,  
What erst did ages mortal men employ,  
Recondite things, now compass at a view ;  
And joy in heaven's variety for ever new.

The callow eagle to his nest confined,  
Observes no more than birds of weaker kind ;  
But fledged and free, his glorious flight begun,  
He mounts from earth to meet the noon-day sun ;  
Surveying nature with his piercing eye,  
He flies exulting through the yielding sky :  
Thus men on earth scarce more than children see,  
Till friendly death th' aspiring soul sets free.  
Behold him then pierce nature's deep recess,  
His ardent soul with wonder's raptures bless ;  
Or in the changing scenes of boundless space,  
With ecstasy more mighty wonders trace ;  
Which through the whole th' Almighty God proclaim  
Author of all, in all beneficent the same.

To sing each deep research, each close pursuit,  
In weighty things or subjects more minute,  
Where nature's myriads all presented are,  
In endless, vast profusion everywhere,  
Would be a task ten thousand bards would claim,  
Yet end their lives in unaccomplish'd aim :  
'T would be a task presenting labour more  
Than counting on wide ocean's wave-beat shore,  
And the vast deserts of each arid land,  
At rest, or moving, every grain of sand.

I only shall relate what seems to me,  
To man,—the most important thing to be—  
Some nat'ral proofs of immortality.  
As I have ever thought, who strongest can  
This proof produce, most service renders man,  
Religiously and morally ; and is  
Most friendly to his happiness by this.  
This made me most attentive to their words,  
Observing on what mortal life affords

Of evidence, from nature (sane and free  
From prejudice), of immortality.

'T was when the day's experiments were done,  
And general conversation had begun,  
A sage observed,—“The unerring instinct brutes  
Possess (I judged) most forcibly confutes  
Doctrines that mind is to the senses owed.  
See instinct, which no doubts e'er overcloud,  
Its ultimate perfection quickly gain  
(Deriding the slow progress made by man),  
There stop. No teaching can force this beyond  
Some few faint imitations, hardly conn'd,  
Of reason; though brute instruments of sense  
Are more acute, more strong, and more intense  
Than those of man; yet none will brutes compare  
To man, whose senses are less exquisite by far.  
In man reflection with inferior means  
Incomparable superiority obtains:  
Man's greater toil compensated we see,  
In that he's lab'ring for eternity.  
Instinct's the soul of brutes—beyond none can;  
Reason is its distinctive mark in man.

“Did mind result from senses well combined,  
Superior senses would superior mind  
Produce; this not! we gather from the whole  
This truth, that reason's not from sense, but soul!  
Reflection doth not from sensation come;  
'T is native in the soul, its birth-place home!  
A nerve divided from its fountain brain,  
Sensation has not; yet 't is very plain  
'T is the same substance; why then in the brain  
Suppose sensation more? Alike both are  
But instruments of soul located there:



The part which still attaches to the brain,  
Conveying power, in full, will still retain ;  
Nor doth it prove the brain itself reflects  
More than the distant parts. No ; it detects  
Want of all thought save in the master soul,  
To which the nerves refer—there meet control ;  
Thence each directions how to act receives,  
Or in reply, or when reflection gives  
Its high commands. Where amputations are,  
The parted nerves' remains will oft refer  
A pain to the lost fingers or lost toes,  
Where all must know 't is not ! Plain inference goes  
To prove, reas'ning unprejudiced from hence,  
That 't is not in the nerves where lies the sense :  
The nerve impress'd false intimation gives ;  
The brain, their fount, as falsely it receives,  
And but reflection can correct the wrong :  
Nor can there be an evidence more strong  
That both are but mere instruments : the soul  
Alone reflects and feels, and from it springs the whole.  
Sense is not where at first it seems to be,  
Is proved ; the cerebel extremity  
Gives no more proof that it more than conveys  
Impressions to the all-percipient soul, which each obeys.  
“ If man could cut the thinking soul away,  
And by the senseless corse its form display,  
Then doubt were o'er ! What then ? Bright hope,  
too, dead,  
Would from his mortal state be ever fled !  
But as he can't, the flitting soul, unseen,  
He tracks, in thought, through all the fair serene,  
Where other worlds for ever hold their ways,  
Mark their own seasons, their own nights and days.

"Th' optic and th' auditory nerves are thought  
 The leading sources whence ideas are brought;  
 The first of feeling distant objects gives  
 The power; and by the last each sound that drives  
 In undulations air,—the lute's soft sound,  
 The human voice, or when the solid ground  
 Shakes with the thunder's roar, to man is known:  
 By these he makes the thoughts of other minds his  
 own.

Yet these are not the principle of mind,  
 However fine th' impressions in their kind,  
 The nerves think not, cannot produce a mind:  
 If one cannot reflect, can numbers more?  
 They are but instruments,—the soul's the power.  
 What marv'llous progress oft the deaf or blind  
 In knowledge make; and the soul, unconfined,  
 In either case, as the defect appears,  
 Can of the ears make eyes, of eyes make ears:  
 And man must see, while reason holds control,  
 The soul's mere instruments produce not soul.  
 • "Such thoughts as these oft pass'd my anxious  
 mind

While in my mortal state; now, unconfined,  
 My reason in full scope, I plainly see  
 How true those indications were of immortality.  
 'Tis strange that this the most important truth  
 To thinking age, and all-aspiring youth,  
 Should, ev'n with men who wear fair learning's wreath,  
 Rest on assertion and exerted faith."

Another said,—“In mortal life I sought  
 Ofttimes this truth, and this my train of thought.  
 A weak man may, on death's approaching state,  
 Dread that its touch will him annihilate;

Till memory discovers, 't is alleged  
 By reason's strongest voice, that God is pledged,  
 By giving thoughts of immortality,  
 That man by nature must immortal be;  
 Or else man has conceived a state more high,  
 More perfect, and which would in fact outvie  
 God's noblest work, ev'n man! save mortal can  
 Be thought to vie with high immortal man!  
 Man never can conceive of good or great  
 Beyond what God hath done! This seals man's fate  
 For immortality of the most high  
 And glorious kind; such as may satisfy  
 Ambition's self. Compare immortal man  
 With merely mortal, if compare we can!  
 'T is the eternal sun in glory bright,  
 Compared to the faint meteor's passing light,  
 Which, born of vapour, wasteth all its power  
 To glimmer for a moment, then is seen no more.  
 God, in his attributes, dishonour'd were  
 In making mortal, man: thought exists here  
 In me; and if not for eternity,  
 Ev'n thoughts of mine more excellent would be  
 Than God's chief work; the weak created would,  
 In thought, surpass the work of the creating God.  
 "Man is immortal, or there is no God!  
 A self-explaining case, if man but would  
 Reflect; for powerless man, unless that he  
 By an Intelligence Superior be  
 Created, he, 't is clearly to be seen,  
 Unable to create himself, had never been;  
 And the Creating Power has pledged, we see,  
 Honour, Omnipotence,—he shall immortal be.

Strange! with th' undoubted evidence of God,  
And proofs in consequence that all men should  
Convince of their own immortality,  
That one reflecting mind unsatisfied should be.  
If proof demonstrative on earth were shewn,  
A probatory state would be unknown;  
And future life less happy far would be  
Without the joy of self-complacency,  
Which must attend the knowledge that men owe  
The bliss of heaven to virtuous life below;  
For all would be, as 't were, compell'd to good,  
If all the future were quite understood.

“ Could sentient life, as some on earth have taught,  
Be by fortuitous concourse of atoms wrought,  
Would chance besides in every case provide  
The sexes, thus each species spreading wide?  
If so, why, in those ages man has been  
A close observer, has he never seen  
Or man or beast, by this strange power produced?  
Is chance, as master-power, now tired, unused,  
That no new genus e'er is introduced?

“ Besides, while earth's young life admitted doubts,  
Strong reason forced me on the following thoughts.  
Man never was desirous or aware  
Of mortal life ere given, but what we are,  
We are without foreknowledge of our own;  
Therefore, if reason doth man's judgment crown,  
He will conclude that with such strong desires  
Of future life, and knowledge, life acquires  
Its whole of value, being interminate,  
The vestibule of an eternal state;  
T' exist, with the desire of future life,  
Has hold on immortality more rife

With reason, than being not,—no thought ! no aim !  
 Could have on rational existence claim.  
 Who first surprised man with reflective life  
 Will re-surprise him with a state more rife  
 In bliss, and prove God has not given in vain  
 The universal hope, of thinking man,  
 Of immortality : a state beyond  
 What ev'n imagination ever conn'd  
 In its sublimest flights : reality  
 Of life depends on immortality !  
 All other life were but a feeble gleam  
 Of light,—a worthless, as 't would be a transient,  
 dream."

Another spake,—“ I have since life began  
 Thought this the most important subject man  
 Can contemplate, regarding moral good,  
 And just ideas of the Almighty God.  
 In what I say I may allowance claim  
 For thoughts, like those advanced, in part the same ;  
 For with one subject, one conviction full,  
 Expressions like rise in the bright and dull :  
 Thus various men that strike one tuneful string,  
 Without intention similar sounds will bring.

“ On earth the question was,—If the soul be  
 Of matter organized—a quality,  
 Or a bright power, distinct, directing it ?  
*The possible to God, is the most great !*  
 The last, comprising immortality,  
 Most consonant to all God's works must be !  
 But some who labour'd to themselves persuade  
 The soul's but mortal, this objection made.  
 A principle distinct, to gain an end  
 Which may, at once, without it be obtain'd,

Is unlike God, who never uses two,  
And diff'rent, means t' effect what one will do.  
This reasoning stops short, as all must see,  
The same end is not gain'd,—the first would be  
But mortal,—but the last, be immortality:  
In this a glorious, endless being scan;  
In that, compared, a much inferior man.  
A soul resulting from organic brain,  
Could it the power of bright reflection gain,  
(A thing most difficult to be conceived,  
Requiring partial faith to be believed,)  
Being from those instruments of senses come,  
Would be their slave; impressions rising from  
Its sources of existence, man would find  
Too strong to be resisted by such mind;  
Which drawn along by sense, quite unrestrain'd,  
In reason's bounds would never be contain'd.

“ The independent nature of the mind  
Is shewn, when it in sleep, frank, unconfined  
By clogging instruments, can exercise,  
Without their use, the powers of ears and eyes.  
Also, when mem'ry and reflection give  
Ideas of things, yet do not bid revive  
The same sensations which would be induced  
If to our eyes those objects were produced.  
When memory collects, compares, the mind  
Is not to sense's instruments confined;  
It learns by using them (take them in gross),  
But is n't deprived of knowledge by their loss:  
Its power superior, when it wills, convenes  
Before it, time's and place's distant scenes.  
Oft too, when mind exerts severest thought,  
No aid from sense's instruments is sought;

Collected in itself, it looks within,  
From thence to reason, and from thence begin;  
Then as an eye placed near the source of light,  
It looks around and sees each object right.  
Th' effect of sudden news will oft astound  
The mind, and through it every sense confound :  
Here mind acts on the nerves, not nerves on mind,  
And proves its nature of superior kind.  
The transient nature of the joys of sense,  
Compared with those of mind, gives evidence  
Of a more lasting nature in the mind,  
And that 't is not to present joys confined.  
The wasted body with the soul in force,  
Proves that of this can never be the source ;  
While the gross matter 's sinking through decay,  
The vigorous soul exults to wing its heavenly way.

“ What perfect consciousness ! what certainty !

Man has, from the first trace of memory  
To failing age, of mind's identity.  
Yet in this term how many times have changed  
Each part and form of body ! quite estranged  
Its infantile soft mould, its youthful grace,  
And manly form, for the shrunk wrinkled face :  
Such is the change, the body cannot claim,  
Of former self, one particle the same ;  
The mind's identity alone is plain ;  
And reason must conclude the soul's the man !  
The living principle ! perciency !  
The mighty heir of vast eternity !  
Who think the soul an emanation bright  
Of God himself, a ray of His own light,  
Must self-refuted stand, while earth's imbued  
With vice's stains, and war's dire streams of blood ;

For were it so, man never could do wrong ;  
He could not break a bond of rectitude so strong !”

I ask'd if they, while they on earth did live,  
Had aught observed, which could th' idea give  
Of the soul's nature? Straight one made reply:  
“ Ev'n here, we know this but imperfectly,  
And wait another and more perfect state,  
Ere we its nature can appreciate,  
To well describe. All that I know, I'll say,  
Which obvious to my observation lay,  
While I on earth sojourn'd. I would premise,  
That the wild theory which quite denies  
All th' evidence of touch, of ears and eyes,  
And makes the whole of the material world  
Fancy's creation, from ideas unfurl'd ;  
Ev'n this would you refute to the full length  
Of demonstration, and with all its strength,  
You'll find 't is difficult; and 't will evince,  
Such subjects don't admit of evidence  
Demonstrative. Those intellectual laws,  
By which mind rises from effect to cause,  
Require deep thought, and much indulgence given,  
T' explain,—man here leaves earth and enters heaven !  
But an attempt its nature to explore,  
Requires indulgent hearers still much more ;  
And all man now can do is but to see  
(If equal to such task his efforts be),  
If he can gain a glimpse by fair analogy.  
“ The magnet's power, invisible to thee,  
We, that it is, from its effects can see:  
No sense can tell of gross material here ;  
And when 't is gone we know not how or where.



To be, is to be something; virtually,  
There's nought can strictly immaterial be:  
Yet close to this and organized, we see  
This mystic power! How from the steel distinct!  
Though faint, how beautiful, and how succinct  
An emblem of the soul! Like it, the soul  
Doth all the body's active force control  
And give; this rests or moves at its command,  
Obeys its dictates but to move a hand;  
And when 't is fled no more can see or feel;—  
All power is gone, like unmagnetic steel.  
Percipience, reason, organized must be  
The soul—not immateriality:  
And like the magnet's power, the soul doth rest  
Of body the possessor—not possest!  
And both retire when the dull seats no more  
Are fitting sites for rest, and straight to other regions  
soar.

The magnet's power can solids penetrate,  
And through them draw th' attracted iron's weight,  
Or it repel, by means unseen, unknown,  
Yet evident. The soul like it, we own,  
Gives evidence of being, yet eludes  
The senses' ken; its powers and aptitudes  
Are but discovered by its class, its kind,  
The all-reflective and strong-reasoning mind.  
Why should not it then penetrate the brain,  
Thus hold possession of the nerves of man,  
Use them as subjects, by true right divine,  
Ruling unquestion'd from its sacred shine?  
Magnetic power but iron will attract;  
Th' electric holds with that and others pact

By each conducted ; thus they differ here :  
So do the soul and sense in man appear ;  
Sense, like electric, sorts with all around,  
Soul, like magnetic, to selection's bound ;  
Reflection's power and province but with this is found.

“Th' astronomer, explaining nature's laws,  
And tracing all things to the Great First Cause !  
Demonstrating the stars, which seem to sight  
Merely so many beauteous specks of light,  
Are, mostly, more stupendous than the earth,  
Must have a principle, where thought has birth,  
Above sensation far ; more subtile, fine,  
And justly termed, man's principle divine.

“Sensations don't themselves associate,  
And reason cause. No ! reason sits in state,  
Associates sensations, forms ideas,  
And resolutions takes, itself to please :  
This ruling power, with bright reflection rife,  
We more than feel is being's light and life.

“To reason's piercing eye alone we owe  
All that we can of the mind's nature know :  
This also tells fluids invisible  
For active force have no known parallel ;  
Why doubts then man such organized may be  
By the almighty hand of Deity,  
With the full strength of indestructibility ?  
While equinoctial process may unfold,  
Upraise new continents, and drown the old,  
And fierce volcanoes lend their fiery aid,  
Till vapour's rending force subservient's made,  
And chaos reigns again, the soul shall be  
Like the magnetic power unhurt and free ;  
Beyond death's power, save by the Deity.

"These difficulties best by those are solved  
 Who know the soul's incipient state's involved  
 With senses quite incapable to see  
 How union, power, and true stability,  
 Can be with substances which only are  
 By reason, by reflection seen; aware  
 'T is best that man on reason should bestow  
 Due culture, wait till next life's powers shall shew  
 The causes where, at present, but the effects we  
 know.

"We know man's feeble powers must yet exclude  
 His contemplation of th' infinitude  
 Of fineness of the soul; which to explain,  
 Our best analogies are nearly vain,  
 Giving contracted views. We here must wait  
 Our next remove to a more perfect state,  
 Where (as we're told by travellers from thence)  
 We shall employ the soul's superior sense,  
 The pure percipience, mind's constituent,  
 Uncumber'd by a grosser instrument:  
 When we shall be enabled to perceive  
 The soul itself, and how in it we live!

"Such now, but most on earth, my train of thoughts,  
 While life probationary admitted doubts.  
 Those oft I urged, when some would doubts proclaim,  
 And dared God's laws, as if unjust, to blame.  
 These laws need but be view'd in one great whole,  
 Comprising immortality of soul,  
 To see, man into self should turn the light  
 Of reason, there himself to read aright,  
 And boundless gratitude to God excite."

Thus spake the sage, deep-learn'd in nature's book  
 (Book by weak superstition's sons forsook,

Who prone t' adopt faith, duty, truth on trust,  
To narrow bounds confine what's good and just).  
And his mild words, as dew the drooping flower,  
Did penetrate the soul with reason's power;  
And with new vigour deep conviction bring,  
Giving a foretaste of the mind's eternal spring.

One said,—“ I would, ere this discussion cease,  
Make some remarks on what alone hath place  
In man's first stage, commencing at his birth,  
And ending but with anxious care on earth.  
One that the dreadful liability,  
The being subjected to, ev'n possibly,  
A temporary or confirm'd insanity,  
Or that disgraceful habit, where men join  
In voluntary madness drawn from wine,  
Carries no proof of mind's deficiency,  
But of deranged instrumentality:  
Impressions thus erroneously are made,  
And to or from imperfectly conveyed.  
Suspended animation will induce  
Utter forgetfulness, suspend the use  
Of mind. In this state could it hover round,  
And mem'ry charge with secrets now profound,  
Man could no longer doubt his glorious fate,  
And lost would be a probatory state.  
Temptation, then, too strong for duty, might  
Induce desertion ere the time for flight:  
Mind would not its connexion e'er complete,  
If fully independent in its earthly state.  
When sleep is sound the mem'ry takes no note,  
And lost is all the consciousness of thought;  
Yet life is going on, we know't exists,  
And scarcely see what difference consists

Between those states : alike mind thought suspends  
 In life's full health, and when it nearly ends ;  
 Alike its instruments are useless made,  
 And neither way are impulses conveyed.  
 Mind acts again on each, when the nerves take  
 Their proper tone ; the sleeper's when awake .  
 No longer flaccid, and the seeming dead,  
 When power's restored t' obey the ruler in the head.  
 Thus oft, on earth, some errors hugged of those  
 Who the dependency of mind suppose  
 From cursory observance, I explain'd  
 With all the power my bounded soul contain'd  
 While there : at times I saw their hopes revive,  
 Who'd thought at death to die, not then to really  
 live.

'Tis proved the soul exists when thought is still,  
 Or memory neglects its duty to fulfil.  
 In dreams and in reflection mind requires  
 No senses' aid, but into self retires ;  
 There, gaily sports ; and here, in thought profound,  
 It quickly runs vast nature's wondrous round,  
 Where mortal sense's power ne'er penetrates :  
 Sense's instruments collect, the mind collates.

“ The principle percipient alone  
 Directs what voluntary acts are done ;  
 We for this strong direction never hear  
 It senses needs, or that they interfere :  
 Mind undisputed reigns sole sovereign here.

“ Those who, on earth, have dared a God to doubt,  
 Judge matter and due warmth bring life about ;  
 Make themselves feel, and see, and hear, and rife  
 With rich fecundity of mortal life,

Have senses and desires, with power to give  
To other beings like themselves, to live :  
(Yet none can keep their life, howe'er they strive):  
Nay more, that thus reflective minds commence,  
And th' unintelligent thus give intelligence.  
We know the life and soul t' imparted be  
By th' All Intelligent—the Deity,  
Who, by His laws, gives life at certain times,  
As easily immortal souls sublimes  
And gives; developing their powers of sense,  
Which are their instruments; and then commence  
Reflection, reason, as their proper powers;  
And thought above all grosser matter towers:  
The mind hath pleasures which sense cannot join,  
Thy proper fruit—percipience divine!  
Mind rules in man, in wisdom's sons and fools,  
As God's intelligence all nature rules.  
The soul's the magnet's power, form no part,  
This of the steel, nor that of head or heart;  
But adventitious each, superior, fine,  
Form'd to give power, to penetrate its shrine,  
And there command: when each by power is riven,  
This joins magnetic streams, that flies to highest heav'n.  
Dissect the human form, or but the eye,  
Then say if chance, or great design we spy.  
Fibres in millions in its form converge,  
And countless millions from their sides emerge  
Of clasping teeth; yet all these forms appear  
A tender jelly, so transparent, clear,  
That light quite unrefracted passes there.  
Think not gross matter thus itself can form,  
And then the thinking mind! As well the storm

May build in Gothic or Corinthian style,  
 As unpercipient matter eyes compile :  
 As soon the marble statue teem with thought,  
 As mind be by unthinking matter wrought !  
 'T is but God's Power Intelligent that brings  
 From thoughtless matter such all-wondrous things !

“ 'T is thus we think ; and sure 't is reason's road,  
 Clear in itself, and founded fast in God !  
 'T is but uncultured reason God can doubt,  
 And causeth oft this great mistake throughout  
 Man's life : nature's unerring laws he sees ;  
 But how supported and enforced these  
 He sees not ; then to chance ascribes the code,  
 Not to the All-Intelligent Creating God !  
 Wilful or careless ignorance man's crime,  
 Leading to errors hardly remedied by time.”

Thus ended their remarks, which truly shew,  
 From natural evidence mankind may know  
 The independent nature of the mind,  
 Its powers distinct from sense, and of superior kind.

With awe impress'd my soul attentive grew,  
 And this inevitable conclusion drew,—  
 Mere mortal life by reason is alleged  
 Worthless as honour to a falsehood pledged ;  
 Immortal 't is the highest boon of heaven,  
 And worthy of the Giver is the given.

The deputy required to represent  
 This part of Saturn, in heaven's parliament,  
 Now chosen was. The ceremony small,  
 'T was but one meeting in each neighb'ring hall.  
 There nearly all could vote—for the right grew  
 From simple proof that each the duty knew

Of an elector : they can have no fear  
That such can ever be outnumber'd there  
By those who don't th' important duty know,  
As oft, unhappily, with men below.  
Th' elected must be those sent from the sun,  
To fill important charges, who have run  
Through the gradations heavenly ; free, pure,  
To pass through space, and every change endure.

The messenger of heaven had now return'd ;  
And every studious mind his theme adjourn'd,  
To welcome numerous deputies who came  
From that high world earth's sons Uranus name ;  
Who join'd to those who had for Saturn been  
Elected, form'd, to me, a thrilling scene ;  
For thought was busy thus—Can mortals e'er  
Become such beings as these now appear ?  
My thoughts seem'd known, for straight one took  
the theme,  
Whose words my wand'ring thoughts from self re-  
deem ;  
Embracing some great changes made in man  
In heavenly life. 'T was thus the sage began :  
“ 'T is ever, here, the body's light, elate,  
Transparent, strong, proportion'd to the state  
Of the soul's purity, of its advance  
In knowledge, and in powers of vigilance.  
The crisis past, no marks of age are known,  
All, with immortal youth, are beauteous grown :  
For, ere man leaves these blest abodes, he feels  
Age's reverse, unfading youth then steals  
On him with pace unseen ; and being come,  
Can know no change—there its perpetual home.



Who knows magnetic force may faintly guess  
What might, what strength, ethereal beings bless,  
But not their powers of sense, to fill the heart;  
Th' approving eye, or pressing hand impart  
More sweet, more thrilling joys than mortals prove  
In thirst assuaged, or ev'n ecstatic love.

When our gross bodies are quite pass'd away,  
And, all resolved, admit no more decay;  
We can indiff'rently exist below  
The planet's surface, where volcanoes blow  
Sulphureous blasts, or in empyreal space  
Where the light burden of the finest gas  
Rejected is, can sport in power sublime;  
No detriment th' extremes of any clime  
To us can bring; but varied fields of joy,  
Which oft the thoughtful mind can well employ.

“ As we are now, with pleasure we had seen  
The half-concocted earth; could there have been  
Observers of the mammoth in his strength  
Bear down the forest through its dreary length;  
And feline monsters of such dreadful force  
That with a paw could crush the noble horse;  
With others, whose remains, on being seen,  
Create astonishment they could have been,  
And found the means to live. Destroyers all:  
Earth's failing produce, caused th' herbiv'rous' fall  
From very want, or 'neath the dreadful paw  
Of the carnivorous, whose spacious maw  
Demanded hecatombs; these fail'd with those;  
Thus died of want what nothing could oppose,  
And scarcely aught escape. Such walk'd the earth  
Ere the co-tenants with mankind had birth.

Those pioneers of nature went before,  
Answer'd their purpose, and are seen no more.

“There were on earth some minds perverse and  
warp'd,

Who at th' idea of man's beginning carp'd;  
Said that that world as 't is had ever been,  
With the like tenants of the woodland green;  
That men and beasts had always ranged the plain,  
And finny monsters occupied the main.  
Who said, 'That stones, earths, clays, which form  
below

Our parent earth, do all existence owe  
To animal and vegetable wreck  
(Save the calcarious, which widely speck  
Ocean and land, to life testaceous owe,  
Fishes and worms, that they exist and grow).'  
Yet also said, 'These necessary are  
Such animals' existence to prepare,  
Or at the least support.' Behold now here  
How difficulties crowd and interfere;  
How such false reasoning is to truth accurst,  
Making that both shall have existed first!  
These dreams require that man and beast should be,  
With vegetation's wreck, decidedly  
Turn'd to firm earth, ere they themselves could be!  
Yet even these, maintaining still that each  
From th' other comes, their own dark aims o'erreach,  
And shew, unwillingly, that neither made  
Themselves, nor did in their own making aid.  
How difficult! when left truth's obvious road,  
That all first life must have its maker—God;

And its successions owe their wondrous cause  
To His great wisdom which ordains the laws.

“ That animals, and life inanimate,  
Reduced to dust, shew they participate  
Of earth, no wonder gives—by reason weigh’d,  
For thence they drew support—and thus of earth  
were made.

“ Short-sighted is the mind that never sees,  
While calm and sunshine last, the future breeze,  
The driving gale, or surface-sweeping storm,  
That nature’s beauteous face will oft deform :  
Thus purblind he who says,—‘ As things are seen,  
They ever will be, and have ever been.’  
When nature’s full, and men no more have birth,  
Immortal man shall occupy the earth ;  
Make it more lovely than imaginings  
Of mortal man conceives of glorious things :  
Each system round thus occupied will be ;  
Man still progressing through eternity,  
In perfectness, without approaching Deity.

“ Th’ Eternal God begins what time He wills,  
And His own way His purposes fulfils.  
His time is best in aught He wills to do,  
Or now, or million million years ago,  
Or yet to come ; and thus in forming man  
Th’ Eternal best could time th’ eternal plan.  
In all commencing beings such as we,  
Some the beginning of the race must be,  
Its middle, and its close ; not ours to choose :  
To fix the time can never rest with those  
The not self-made. All cavilling is vain  
That would th’ Eternal God to times restrain ;

But man, false reasoning, in his selfish pride,  
Presumes all time should be to him applied:  
As well expect the seas and deserts' sand  
To be curtail'd—replaced by fruitful land;  
That every clime provide exuberant store  
For human wants, till nature can no more.  
In this or that man will no more offend,  
When waking reason comprehends his end;  
When he shall see he was not made to prove  
Solely God's power, but exercise his love;  
No more he'll doubt,—who made earth man's abode,  
Is Nature's Lawgiver, and Nature's God."

Thus one deputed spake, while those around,  
Whose state still kept them on Saturnian ground,  
Intense attention gave; each saw his fate,  
With ardent wish t' accomplish such a state  
In earliest time; be free their course to steer,  
Uncheck'd and unconfined to any sphere.

The deputies now bade us to prepare  
To take a journey through the yielding air,  
And lighter ether; as they all were bound  
To meet the elected on the solar ground.  
(Save heaven's swift messenger, who, to convey  
News to wide worlds, did speed his devious way.)  
The preparations small, and quickly made,  
No useless equipage and no parade.  
By a quick process heav'nly beings know,  
Reflected light was made to undergo  
Collection and compression; which was join'd  
To latent light and heat, (in gas confined)  
By the like means; incessantly these run  
By nature's laws, towards their parent sun,

In this their secret state. Thus form'd our car,  
We pass'd, with light's swift speed, through ambient  
air.

Astonish'd ! my astonishment was seen  
By their quick eyes in my embarrass'd mien :  
Encouraged freely to express my thought,  
I said: 'Th' idea general was, that nought  
Of light or heat e'er to the sun return'd ;  
And that its fires, incessant, wasting burn'd,  
Waiting the comet's course through boundless skies,  
At times irregular for its supplies.

To this th' ethereal sage thus straight replied :  
" Men oft in total ignorance decide !  
The radiant light emitted from the sun  
Shines not for planetary worlds alone ;  
These are mere specks in its extended rays,  
So many points in the surrounding blaze  
Of light and heat ; arresting in their flight  
These friends of life ; to furnish with delight  
Their hills and plains : none wait supplies in vain ;  
And these, as are their atmospheres, the good retain.  
How little of the whole each planet shares  
Of light and heat the parent sun prepares !  
In active state these mount ethereal space ;  
Reduced and latent they their course retrace ;  
Supplying thus the everliving fire,  
Which the sun's self and all its orbs require :  
Its highest atmosphere thus ever bright,  
Dispenses vital heat and heavenly light.

" The sun and moon cause seas to ebb and flow,  
Yet man feels not, be they or high or low.

No more his senses tell of light or heat  
Attracted, in their latent gaseous state,  
By the sun's central power; yet this is done  
That it may ever shine as when it first begun:  
Thus earth's ascended vapour heavier grown,  
In dew or rain, falls light or pours impetuous down.

“ Thus Saturn's ring, Uranus' atmosphere,  
With powers retentive hold, and then prepare,  
From this unfailing source, perpetual light  
And warmth; expelling piercing cold and gloomy  
night.

I speak not of Uranus' fruitful plains,  
Where all that planets have of heav'n obtains  
In rich abundance: God's great bounty there  
Provides a feast through all its lengthen'd year.  
As Jupiter's and Saturn's are its moons;  
Its nights as brilliant, and as warm its noons.  
There early youth, who have but little thought,  
And less of good or ill on earth have wrought,  
Find plenty and a home, and health complete  
To finish there their probatory state:  
If such a state can probatory be,  
Where all must know their immortality;  
And such will hardly swerve from reason's rules,  
And thus deserve the rod, as guilty and as fools.  
No, rather 't is t' acquire what adults know  
Of duties relative to man below;  
That each when enter'd a superior state,  
May all men's actions justly estimate;  
And learn the bounties of Almighty God,  
To whom their beings and their bliss are owed.

"Cold is not merely th' absence of all heat,  
 For ever reigning in each deep retreat;  
 But is existence positive, we know,  
 When deep in earth we see the waters flow;  
 While on the surface it its power displays,  
 And strives for empire with the solar rays.  
 From this to solar heat, distant or near,  
 The planets all well regulated are  
 To genial and delightful temperature,  
 That men may all enjoy, not merely them endure :  
 Uranus' distant sphere, whose orbit bounds  
 The system's worlds, and mortal sense confounds,  
 Has its full share of good, throughout its ample  
 rounds.

"In Uranus, had men first waked to life,  
 Where all life needs to make it happy 's rife;  
 Its wide-spread canopy of brilliant light,  
 Which makes the diff'rence small 'twixt day and  
 night;  
 The sun's apparent size; its feeble rays,  
 Direct, light change producing in their days  
 In genial warmth; they had been prone to think,  
 Not that they were upon the system's brink,  
 A mere dependent world, but that their own,  
 Exchanging with, was equal'd by the sun alone."  
 Thus spake the sage, while in th' ethereal way  
 We sped, at ease, t' attain the orb of day.  
 Approaching near, its dazzling blaze of light  
 Was far too strong for feeble mortal sight;  
 This to avoid our gaseous car was shot  
 Where earth's astronomers espy a spot.

This we a mountain found of such vast width,  
That it exceeds the spacious earth in breadth;  
Its height proportion bears. All halted there,  
And for a journey to the plains prepare:  
But rest awhile, t' enjoy the brilliant scene,  
Quite boundless! And 't is justly said, I ween,  
Who has not look'd with light from such, hath nothing  
seen.

END OF BOOK IV.



BOOK V.

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THE mountain we descended on, combines  
Such height and breadth, that Alps and Apennines,  
Compared, as petty blocks or mole-hills are :  
If sunk, all earth but barely would repair  
The loss. This mass and others mount so high,  
That earth's astronomers can oft espy  
Their unilluminated tops appear dark dots,  
Increasing, changing, or decreasing spots.  
Their loss, appearance, and their varying size,  
Depend upon the different heights that rise  
The stratum highest of the atmosphere  
That deep surrounds the sun: when high, those are  
To earth's observers lost; when low, they re-appear.  
The sun, that on its axis swiftly turns,  
While planets swiftly course their stated bourns,  
With mighty movements and attractions chafe  
This highest stratum; which is ever safe  
In full supplies; supplies which can't abate,—  
Electro-gaseous latent light and heat :  
It, as they fall, incessantly consumes,  
And thus perpetually our worlds illumines :  
They dart sublime through space when thus they burn,  
Again condense, and to their source return :

Just as on earth, from river, sea, and plain,  
 Waters in vapour rise, to fall and rise again.  
 Some rays, whose impulse given makes that they  
 Pass from the solar system far away,  
 Are well compensated by those which come  
 From other systems, thus exchanging home;  
 Connected thus, vast systems round us roll,  
 With central systems that the less control,  
 While God's unerring laws sustain and move the  
 whole.

Our car once more was of a different kind,  
 Evincing mighty powers of hand and mind.  
 Form'd of collected electricity,  
 Attractive or repulsive clouds we flee,  
 By changes suitable, made with dexterity.  
 How exquisite that eye which promptly sees  
 Which to avoid and which approach of these;  
 And power which can provide 'gainst each in need,  
 That they prevent not their electric speed.  
 Thus rapidly we reach'd the plain with ease,  
 A distance that would span, o'er land and seas,  
 Some of the mightiest European monarchies.

Beneath the stratum brilliant, where are  
 The light and heat of the sun's atmosphere,  
 Are mighty clouds, deep, humid, dense and cold,  
 From matter frigorific they infold.  
 This solemn stratum, of a depth immense,  
 Rests on another which is still more dense,  
 Supports the higher, its combustion aids,  
 Supplying air; and it the lower shades  
 Admitting to this stratum clear and bright  
 Heat that invigorates, and soften'd light.

These strata, each to th' others prodigal,  
Relieving ever wants reciprocal,  
Form the sun's atmosphere, arising high,  
Proportion'd to the mass it is attracted by :  
And but the highest mountains e'er appear  
Dark spots above the brilliant stratum there,  
At times, when is depress'd this atmosphere.  
And the depression, or the rising high,  
In part depends how planets—comets—fly ;  
As their attractions ever changing are,  
In constant union with the master sphere.

The lowest stratum almost ever clear  
And dry, from density of atmosphere,  
Reminds man that, like as on earth, 't is there ;  
When air is light the clouds to low incline,  
When the reverse it tends to clear and fine :  
Earth's atmosphere when light oppresses sense,  
And man the lightest feels when it is dense.

The temp'rature is ever mild and fine,  
The fiercest rays for ever outward shine :  
As in each seed 's infused a power divine,  
So nature's laws for every ray decides  
A course that for the general good provides ;  
Nothing 's neglected by th' Almighty's code,—  
The general providence of the All-Bounteous God.

Thus, part observed, but more to me explain'd  
By sage Zobieski, who had knowledge gain'd  
Of heavenly things ; whose mind expanded, strong,  
With new-born vigour forced itself among  
Creation's wonders, with avidity :  
And what he learn'd he freely told to me.  
He added to the truths I just have sung,  
That the sun's fires from 'self have ever sprung ;

That all returns, that from its surface flies,  
In renovated caloric; supplies  
This sacred light of heaven, that never dies.  
That comets aid not to maintain its fire;  
Such method would some further source require  
For their supply. These mighty wand'ers far,  
The universe's regulators are;  
Draw deviating planets to their course,  
Or systems sway by their attractive force;  
Approaching near a central orb, where burn  
Repulsive powers electric, they rejected turn.  
As heavy ships, where watery depths prevail,  
Thin moving air can make to distance sail:  
So mighty comets that on ether lie,  
Forced by repulsive electricity,  
And the sun's powerful rays, return through space to  
fly.

The sun's fair surface makes a bright display,  
For ever shining in immortal day:  
And its productions of superior kind  
Astonish'd to remembrance every mind,  
By their surpassing beauty, when compared  
With aught each knew that any planet shared.  
For grandeur, fragrance, and variety,  
The flowers surpass all men in planets see;  
As tender plants in their congenial air,  
Their sickly sisters forced in keener far.  
Fruits odoriferous themselves exhale  
In various sweetness on each gentle gale;  
Or load with fragrance every zephyr's wing,  
Unceasing incense, solar offering,  
In feast perpetual to immortal man:  
A feast where relish ends as it began.

There each successive inspiration gives  
A varied pleasure in immortal lives;  
Extracting thus (as mortal lungs do heat)  
Refreshment, vigour, pleasures delicate;  
More than what mortal senses ever prove,  
Clogg'd by gross instruments that dully move:  
Enjoyments heavenly which never tire,  
Renewed, incessantly, like solar fire,  
And giving pleasures ev'n beyond desire.

There Spring and Autumn, beauteous wedded pair,  
Quite undisputed claim the solar year,  
Yet want not changes to diversify  
Their ever temperate and delightful sky:  
The breeze, the calm, the zephyr's fanning wing,  
And gentle rains luxuriant fragrance bring;  
While feather'd songsters, raptured, tune their throats  
To the best music, nature's simple notes;  
And cheerful Time holds on his gladsome way,  
Through genial mildness and eternal day.

Th' ethereal bodies of immortal man,  
But by immortal eyes are known, or can  
Be accurately perceived: the contour, mien,  
And ev'n the acting soul by them are seen;  
And 't is the study of the wise to find  
How constituted is the human mind.  
As physiologists with learned care  
Search strictly how men's mortal bodies are  
Form'd and preserved; thus wise immortals find  
The sacred study of th' immortal mind  
Attention strict, and deep research requires;  
The steady ardent soul that never tires.  
These learners in the nature of the soul  
Find pleasure in their travel to the goal;

Pleasures that mortal minds but faintly know,  
Which from superior mental powers for ever flow ;  
And mortal body and immortal soul  
Declare the God who by His laws creates the whole.

Behold th' ethereal forms, luxuriant, bright,  
Clothed in prismatic shades of beauteous light,  
Which round themselves, with ease, they draw at will,  
And each idea that strikes the thought fulfil,  
Which gives or elegance or noble grace  
To the mark'd beauty of each faultless form and face.  
This brilliant dress, which half transparent seems,  
Is full and perfect from refracted beams ;  
It perfectly, as each may wish, conceals,  
Or, changed by art, as gracefully reveals :  
At pleasure they assume the grave, the gay,  
As taste and quick imagination play,  
And thus unnumber'd changes grace their bright  
array.

The noble house where their assemblies meet,  
To me seemed what is truly called complete :  
The centre room, capacious far beyond  
Where mortal thoughts of large would correspond,  
Has for its wings wide spreading offices  
Of height proportion'd to th' extensive size :  
The centre part surmounted by a dome  
Whose span, to what e'er graced imperial Rome,  
Appears a sky. This stately dome sublime  
Contains the means to mark celestial time.  
There systems round their central systems roll  
(Part of th' innumerable, amazing whole),  
Depending each on all,—as sphere on spheres,  
They run the thousands of celestial years.

The solar system 'mongst the rest is seen,  
A part component of this mighty scene ;  
And its own motions in itself as 't goes,  
The hour, the day, the year with truth disclose,  
Of every planet seen revolving there  
Round our own mighty central solar sphere.  
While round the distant planets, satellites  
Pursue, unerringly, their rapid flights.  
The like is fully known of all of those  
The planets that each system's worlds compose,  
By those who learned in celestial lore  
Find heavenly pleasure such things to explore.  
And some opine each brilliant central sphere  
Of central systems, residences are  
Occasionally, more particularly,  
Of the effulgent presence of the Deity.  
This grand machinery is adamant,  
So pure, so clear, that light turns not aslant  
In passing through ; nor can the sight perceive  
How complex shafts and wheels so interweave  
As to produce this wondrous masterpiece,  
Without great efforts of the eyes, which must not  
cease.

Then to perfect the work, this splendid hall,  
Roofs, doors, and dome, and every solid wall,  
Are all pure diamond ; so clear and fine  
That unrefracted rays on all sides shine :  
And every joint of each transparent stone  
Compacted is by cement all its own ;  
Fragments dissolved, their polish'd sides unite  
So truly—'t is a single stone to all men's sight !  
Thus in the dome nought intercepts the day,  
As bright, or dark, each orb pursues its way,

Seeming without support, a noble sight  
Well imitated systems in the purest light !

Th' assembly met, and num'rous hearers round,  
O'er all a solemn silence reign'd profound ;  
When Socrates, now the great president,  
With serious awe and rev'rence evident,  
Standing erect, and looking all around,  
But most above, where sculptured worlds abound,  
Magnificent, now spake with voice profound.  
" God of all these, and central systems more  
Than man e'er number'd, vent'rous we adore  
Thee in Thy power ineffable ; thank Thee,  
With soul-felt gratitude, eternally,  
For giving life with immortality :  
With immortality each choicest good,  
Above description, yet well understood ;  
Filling the sense with pleasures exquisite,  
The soul with contemplations infinite.  
We pray not,—knowing Thou to man hast given  
All that is for his good, on earth—in heaven :  
Man were ungrateful ever asking more  
Where thanks are due : to man, man owes he's ever  
poor.

We here presume not that we glory give,  
By our weak praise, to Thee, ' by whom we live ;'  
Who thinks he glory adds, by praise, to Thine,  
Paints a dull sun, expecting it to shine  
As doth the real ; would on his mole-hill raise  
Foundations new for Thy eternal praise."

He ceased and sat, as did th' assembled all,  
And a long silence occupied the hall.  
All eyes now centred on th' immortal man,  
Who rose to speak, and thus again began :



“ Deputed brothers, ever virtuous friends,  
Assembled here, pursuing virtue’s ends,  
In giving honourable meed where due,  
And firmly, where not earn’d, refusing too.  
Ye presidents of planets, or of parts,  
Your brethren’s choice, where int’rest never thwarts  
Free suffrage, you are summon’d here t’ elect  
Without regard to country, rank or sect,  
The solar president. This rank sublime  
Lasts for a thousand years of earth-computed time;  
The highest honour that our system gives,  
(But not the highest to which man arrives,)  
Its first reward for the most virtuous, useful lives.  
Who for themselves, or other men appear,  
Expect that we shall give attentive ear  
Unto their claims. This we are bound to do,  
Sifting with care false merit from the true.  
To mere success, or a high sounding name,  
Give not the meed that’s owed to virtue’s claim.  
Remember too, ’t is but for deeds on earth,  
The only state probatory, that worth  
Can be assumed; no after conduct can  
Be placed as merit to th’ account of man;  
For then he knows what the result would be  
For the grand term of immortality:  
None then so mad as e’er to dare the certainty.  
From all the candidates ’t is ours t’ elect,  
Not for mere faultless, harmless intellect,  
But with attentive study try to find  
That virtue, with activity of mind,  
Which most hath bless’d, while mortal, all man-  
kind.

“ Your choice is fully free, quite unrestrain’d  
By when or where each lived,—where served or  
reign’d.

Nor are you shackled by rotation here ;  
The mortal yesterday, may now appear :  
Ev’n those the sentences to planets bind  
Are eligible if you so should find :  
Then your award repeals the sentence given,  
By which they’re now confined to hell, or humblest  
heaven.

But, be it well observed, elections here  
Are not by friendly votes ; convincement clear  
The suffrage gives, and each must make appear  
Good reasons for his vote,—if ’t be required :  
Disgrace ne’er leaves the man whose vote is hired  
By Friendship’s self : no partiality  
In sacred duty can excused be.  
In things opposing it is truly known,  
Truth may with neither be, and can but be with one.

“ This session open, all who it attend,  
Each advocate, for self or for a friend,  
Can speak in turn. Each will prefer his claim  
With self-command ; and with an upright aim  
T’ admit conviction should his cause prove weak ;  
If strong, with honest freedom he will speak.”

One now advanced, requesting they would hear  
Another’s claim, which thus he did prefer :  
“ This man, by his inventions, did create  
Things for man’s use at a much easier rate  
Than heretofore—to thousands gave employ ;  
Building new villages, which they enjoy ;  
Enlarging towns, and causing men’s increase  
By these external means of happiness.

Such are his claims. With confidence he'll trust  
 His claims with judges known as wise and just,  
 Requesting only he may be allowed  
 To say, They 're as superior to the crowd  
 Of lawyers, preachers, or of heroes' claims,  
 As doing good is to mere empty names,  
 Or feeding thousands is to selfish aims.  
 To his request I thus myself confine,  
 But offer not his sentiments as mine.  
 His cause, if good, will not require my aid;  
 If not, all my appeals were vainly made  
 To this assembly, that can penetrate  
 The secret motives, and will give them weight."

He now retired with this respectful close,  
 When straight a member of th' assembly rose,  
 And thus remark'd: "This applicant seems not  
 To understand—at least, to have forgot—  
 That in proportion as man's labour's sped  
 By other means, it takes from numbers bread;  
 Their healthy bread—and their domestic song,  
 Which cheer'd their daily labour, and the long  
 Long winter's eve; the while the whizzing wheel  
 Join'd the glad chorus of the turning reel.  
 Collecting numbers does not always bless;  
 More oft 't is fatal to man's happiness:  
 The overseer and the close hot room  
 The body weaken and the mind engloom:  
 In uncongenial air man wastes away,  
 And the short life is but a slow decay.

"See labour's time increased, its produce more;  
 Sure its reward is better than before?  
 No! gluttoned marts give av'rice power t' oppress,  
 And thus for longer toil men gain the less:

Man's starved, demoralized, receives a curse  
In its excess; his mind and body fare the worse.

"Though this man modestly our notice craves,  
As having nought in him like selfish knaves,  
His shrewd inventions to make lords and slaves,  
To me a very obvious proof affords,  
That 't was his aim to mix himself with lords;  
I therefore move we do not entertain  
The vain pretensions of this selfish man."

All were agreed. A member now arose,  
And said, "I am requested to propose  
A man who must stay numerous years below,  
In Jupiter's internal world, if you  
Hear not his prayer,—to give attentive heed  
Unto his claim for this contested meed:  
But thus, he little doubts to be relieved  
By you from the hard sentence he received.  
I stand not here to advocate his cause,  
Nor think he always just conclusions draws  
From merits he assumes. Unpleasant task!  
Would he were here to personally ask  
Our suffrages. I humbly would submit  
To this assembly, that it is more fit  
That every candidate should here appear  
To state his claims; where they 'll th' objections hear;  
If not convinced—to be allow'd reply.  
Those who endued with power to pass the sky  
Need but commands; those who are not, may be  
Assisted here. Who unsuccessfully  
As candidates, this gem-paved floor shall pace,  
Without delay their journey shall retrace,  
Returning whence they came unwillingly,  
As a defeated hero turns to flee.

“Should all approve, and none dissenting seem,  
A solar hour sufficient time, I deem  
For the most distant, and I therefore move  
Postponement for an hour. You all approve!”

The messengers were then despatch'd to bear  
This resolution to each rolling sphere  
Dependent on the sun. The candidate  
The last proposed (the time quite adequate,  
The solar hour containing somewhat more  
Than earth-bound mortals count for twenty-four)  
They bade attend the first, that others might  
Have still more leisure for a longer flight.

Freed from attention thus, we took our way,  
Part of the sun's fair surface to survey.  
Zobieski and the friendly messenger  
Assisted me to mount in ambient air;  
While many others join'd our upward course  
Without or shining cars, or seeming force.  
Astonish'd, I requested they would tell  
How this, which look'd miraculous, befel.  
Our noble guide replied, in smiling mood,  
“Nought is miraculous when understood;  
And all who ever miracles have seen,  
Have but uncomprehending judges been  
Of th' Almighty's works by nature's laws:  
Astonish'd at the fact they miss'd the cause.  
The human form, in this transcendent state,  
We facilely, at will, compress, dilate,  
Or urge with speed electric through the skies.  
Dilated, we no effort need no rise  
In atmospheric air; we can at ease,  
On couch more soft than down rest at what height we  
please :

Contracted, we descend, to rest again  
On lower strata, or the flowery plain :  
Thus have we seen, though slight is the degree,  
The finny race have power within the sea  
To rise and fall, or force themselves along,  
With or against the stream, or eddying tides among.  
Men here become such perfect powerful beings,  
They, as it were, ride on volition's wings;  
With light's swift speed attain a journey's end;  
And 'gainst all obstacles successfully contend.

“Sensation here is all within the mind,

By no assisting instruments confined :  
And rest or motion equal pleasure give,  
So exquisite, 't is ecstasy to live !  
Yet this is but the vestibule of joy  
To man, who will eternity employ,  
Progressing in the scale of mental power  
With senses suited ;—yet he ne'er can tower  
To aught resembling Deity. The God,  
In bounteous love, or with th' avenging rod,  
So good ! so great ! nought can His power confine !  
No substance is opaque to eyes divine ;  
Nought can delay His course, resist his power ;  
And time, His minister, brings on the hour,  
When half a sphere by th' axis changed is hurl'd  
In renovating ruin ; or a world  
From His creating hand is launch'd, sublime,  
To sail through space th' interminable time.

“God's wisdom who can pierce ? His bounty can  
Be traced ev'n in denying mortal man !  
On man no natural clothing's made to grow,  
Nought to defend his feet, guard 'gainst a foe :

To him alone advancing Death appears;  
'Tis he alone is born to constant cares;  
'Tis he alone responsible is made;  
But he alone great reason can persuade  
To right, dissuade from wrong: this last we find  
The good compensative to all mankind:  
Man, thus, the architect of his own fate,  
By voluntary good is truly great:  
And proves a pleasure he could never know,  
Did not his acts from reason, freedom, flow.  
While brutes live many times their time of growth,  
Man rarely gains the fourfold term of youth;  
One goes to rise, and one in slow decay,  
And only two of prime can bless his stay  
On earth. This to reflecting man is rife,  
Ev'n in the twilight of his mortal life,  
With cheering hints of immortality!  
For who these facts, and such a work can see,  
And think 't is meant for blank mortality?  
Ev'n man, in works he takes much pains to raise,  
Expects he gives proportionable length of days:  
He sees then mind, so carefully enclosed,  
Can to annihilation rarely be exposed.

“ Though truth is written with sunbeams in the vault  
Of heaven, and thither ever will exalt  
The thinking mind, I painfully concede  
There yet are men who cannot, will not read !”

Thus spake the sage, deep-learn'd in nature's rules,  
Not the dull, tedious, sapless forms of schools.  
Whilst we attain'd a height to view below,  
Sol's mighty rivers to vast oceans flow;  
Form falls so wide, so deep—so loud their noise,  
That earth's, compared, appear as garden toys.

Then passing realm-like flower and fruit-clad plains,  
The learned company its end attains,—  
A steepy mountain towering through the clouds,  
Clouds deep and dense, which form a screen that shrouds  
The solar surface from the fires above ;  
That it, but friendly, genial heat may prove ;  
Far beyond these its lofty head aspires,  
And spreads a plain above the solar fires :  
Through these fierce fires, by heavenly skill and power,  
All pass unharm'd, whilst lightnings hiss and roar.

Advancing there, they see this fact unfold,  
As earth with rocks, the sun is ribb'd with gold.  
Behold this mass, thou grovelling son of earth,  
Of whom men say,—but money he is worth,  
Nought else ! see, there thy hoards would useless be,  
Less than a drop of water to the sea :  
Yet not more useless than thy unused pelf,  
Is to mankind, thy country, friends, thyself.

The top attain'd, a golden plain is seen,  
Of great extent, where never smiling green  
In tree, shrub, herb, or humble moss is known :  
Ambition often wears a barren crown.  
This mount stupendous rising through, and high  
Above the layers where fires and vapours fly ;  
Thus never knows refreshing dews or rain,  
But a dull heat as side-rays cross the plain.  
Yet there will science oft retire to pry  
Into th' exhaustless wonders of the sky.  
In a vast cupola, of crystal built,  
Unspoil'd by carving, or the glare of gilt ;  
With books and every instrument complete  
His science can require, great Newton sat ;



With wise astronomers of every age,  
Who listen'd to his observations sage,  
On central systems, and their central suns;  
Where, so in heaven the conjecture runs,  
Th' Almighty God at distant times resides.  
Nor worlds alone his theme. He spoke, besides,  
Of the clear evidence of Deity;  
Which ev'n man's bounded mortal powers must  
see,—

Must read God! God! distinctly, all around  
Studded with mighty worlds throughout the vast  
profound!

In their eternal light, they mark their days  
And hours, by planets moving in their ways  
In wide ethereal space, and by the sun's  
Revolving motion, which it daily runs,  
Its own especial day. To try the weight,  
Or mete with curious care, the force of light;  
T' examine things which mortal eyes can't see,  
Their recreations of philosophy.

While there admiring what was done and said,  
And how their curious instruments were made,  
Some travellers arrived from systems where  
The solar light can never interfere  
But as a feeble star. Of many a world,  
Round suns innumerable ever hurl'd,  
They spoke. Of their productions too they told,  
Which to the minds of mortal men t' unfold,  
To mortal man's impossible; no words  
Can them explain, analogy affords  
No key; so utterly unlike the things  
Of earth's produce they are. Reflection brings

The mind to see the knotted oak, the pine,  
 The stately cedar, and the curling vine;  
 The lowly shrub, the cane, the palm-tree tall,  
 The tender herb, and short moss on the wall,  
 With all the vast varieties between;  
 Yet their report says, little there is seen  
 In aught resembling solar worlds' produce,  
 Yet all replete with ornament and use.  
 God's power, and bounty to mankind we see—  
 That creates worlds, this gives unlimited diversity.

There may the minds who nature's scenes adore,  
 Unbounded, rich varieties explore:  
 The eagle thus, freed from his galling chains,  
 Surveys the woods, the mountains, and the plains;  
 Exults o'er ocean on his sounding wing,  
 While realms successively to notice spring:  
 How different this to perch and court confined;  
 How different 't is to an inquiring mind,  
 From being to earth's narrow surface bound  
 To passing to a thousand worlds around;  
 To meditate but earth's variety,  
 Compared to those innumerable worlds we see.

In our bright sun one gen'ral language reigns;  
 The same in other suns and spheres obtains;  
 (So travellers report) convenience great!  
 Misunderstanding never can defeat  
 A man's intent. From whate'er sphere they come,  
 Of every age, men ever are at home.  
 This polish'd language, which each fault excludes,  
 That in incipient tongues so oft intrudes,  
 No various meanings by one word conveys,  
 But has for every thought its proper phrase;

No discrepance, no words irregular,  
Which occupy the mind from reason far.  
Without exceptions shine the simple rules,  
(Unlike the rugged laws of mortals' schools,)  
And the new student rapid progress makes.  
This language rich of every tongue partakes ;  
Leaving the rude, the weak, th' equivocal,  
It passing beauties takes, and force from all ;  
And the attentive learn, in little time,  
To pour the stream of thought in words distinct,  
sublime.

The time approaching when the claimants were  
Expected in the solar hall t' appear,  
By quick contraction we descended near,  
Till to the lowest stratum being come,  
All took a horizontal course for home,  
With speed which proved the mighty force they have.  
While it to them but slight exertion gave.  
Near where the dome expands in spacious round,  
With soft descent, all gain the solid ground.  
Amazing numbers watch'd th' arrivals there  
Of candidates expected through the air.  
There curiosity in man extends ;  
A real good, when laudable its ends ;  
It prompts the mind to thought, and to inquire ;  
And as a spark produces ardent fire,  
It brings in action all the fire of mind,  
And man becomes the light, the glory, of his kind.

The sitting recommenced, and there appear'd  
The candidate from Jupiter we heard  
Proposed before. Candidates arriving there,  
Retain'd th' appearance of their state and sphere.

The present had an air of cunning thought;  
 Study and wine had on his visage wrought—  
 A bustling, dining, earnest party-man;  
 In serving which, both wit and judgment ran  
 Their narrow round. The president required  
 He'd say, what might have his ambition fired;  
 What acts to serve mankind, or great intent,  
 To entitle him to be the solar president.

He thus began: "With humble deference  
 To your superior judgment, my pretence  
 To be th' elected rests on things of weight,  
 And solid service done to aid the state,  
 Where I was of th' ordained to legislate.  
 In this my function I obtain'd that laws  
 Were pass'd, that should protect and greatly cause  
 Our native manufacturers to rise:  
 Protecting duties lessen'd the supplies  
 Which might compete from foreign rival states.  
 I too assisted in those strong debates,  
 When it was deem'd expedient to extend  
 The like protection to a higher end,  
 The maintenance of agricultural weal,  
 And the decline in rents, to check and heal.  
 Nor did these benefits with country end,  
 Surrounding states th' advantages adopt, extend:  
 Thus one laborious mind administer'd  
 To all, on all it benefits conferr'd.  
 On this I rest my claim, and hope to gain  
 This highest honour and relief from pain."

A member rose, who recently had run  
 His race on earth; elected to the sun,  
 For having, though a minister of state,  
 Endeavour'd num'rous evils to abate;

Evils beyond his single power to cure,  
While such his colleagues judged expedient men  
endure.

“The merits here assumed,” he said, “are such,  
That ev’n as errors, none condemn too much;  
But judged as faults, and such I faults esteem,  
'T were difficult sufficiently to censure them.  
No partial int’rest should precede the whole;  
No class of men divert those from the goal  
Of gen’ral good, who legislators are:  
These ought to see the coming good, or ill, from far.  
Prohibitory and protecting laws  
Serve not the public, but some private cause.  
Whether they give to manufacturing toil,  
Or to the cultivators of the soil,  
Adance on merchandise, advance on corn,  
'T is from the people’s purse unjustly torn;  
'T is serving some at others’ greater cost;  
As much in guarding is consumed or lost.  
Nor does the impost go to those who toil,  
Or in the loom, the mine, or grateful soil,  
Arrested ere ’t attains the fountain-head—  
Th’ industrious lab’rer in his humble shed,  
(Whose too-long labour gains but scanty bread,)  
It goes in ampler profits to the few,  
Th’ employers who unfeelingly pursue  
This legal wrong; it goes in heavier rent,  
Which to the utmost point the haughty lords aug-  
ment.

Great bane of commerce, cramping full exchange,  
Denying intercourse its proper range.  
Who violate fair nature’s obvious course  
Will punish’d be, the subjects of remorse.

These baneful laws are cancers in a state,  
 And, rooted long, none can eradicate  
 Without the knife; part sacrificed must be,  
 That the much shatter'd frame exist more healthfully;  
 That life's warm stream pursue, with freedom's force,  
 In channels unimpeded, nature's genial course.  
 They are the canker-worms, internally  
 Destroying fruit-fraught buds upon the tree,  
 And blighting all its branches totally.  
 I therefore move, in reason's sacred name,  
 This self-praised man return to whence he came;  
 And recommend him to submit with grace  
 To his just sentence in its fitting place;  
 For he has much to alter, much to heal,  
 Ere he can join the friends of general weal."

Th' assembly gave unanimous assent;  
 The disappointed politician went  
 Like a remanded captive to his cell,  
 His crafty schemes and lofty aims to quell.

Another then was call'd to state his claims  
 To this high honour active virtue aims  
 To gain; its suitable, supreme reward.  
 With solemn pace a tall spare form appear'd;  
 A calculating keenness in his eye,  
 And thought profound: he look'd intent to pry  
 Into, or make, some Gordian mystery;  
 Or, as he'd find some mighty charm to force  
 The laws of right and nature from their course.  
 He seemed to forward look, as men from high  
 Into some deep, obscure profundity,  
 Unable distant, dark futurity t' espy;  
 While forms confused before his vision rise,  
 Of past events, their end,—of future destinies.

“To this august assembly I present,”  
He said, “my claims; and hope by its consent  
T’ enjoy the honours which we now contest,  
For having by my plans served man the best.  
On earth, a celebrated financier,  
I made the scheme of public debt appear  
So clear a good, that men of wealth agreed  
I saved the land, and gave me honour’s meed.  
I saved more lands than one from anarchy,  
Preserving government’s authority,  
By borrowing from the rich to armies pay,  
And subsidize poor states that could array,  
With such assistance, powerful aid to quell  
The spirit of reform; that demon fell,  
Which strives t’ o’erturn all order in a land,  
Making the common people understand  
That birth no rightful privilege can give,—  
That right is equal in all men that live;  
And that the rich, who’ve hitherto had sway,  
Have no just power to make the poor obey.  
Such innovations upon ancient good  
I, by large loans, successfully withstood,  
At least a time; preserved the rich man’s store,  
And from the crime of plunder saved the poor.  
Creating, too, a large convenient fund,  
Which law’s delays and galling charges shunn’d;  
Where men’s spare riches might be safely laid,  
And yet of it a good advantage made;  
So good, so sure, so easy to receive,  
That many there put all on which they live.  
Nay some have thought, and written, too, to prove  
That countries with such debts the better throve;

That 'tis an added wealth to goods and land,  
If men could be but made to understand.  
Upon these grounds I hope I may presume  
T' have served mankind, and not be thought t' assume  
Without just cause the merits you require  
Should be possess'd by him who dares t' aspire  
To the high honour which you have to give :  
I should with gratitude from you the gift receive."

He stopp'd. A member instantly arose,  
Who had on earth financed without such laws ;  
Had waged successful war for self-defence,  
While those defended paid their own expense,  
Ask'd for excuse that one so young in heaven,  
Should rise the first t' oppose the reasons given  
By the last claimant, why to him should be  
The leading honour, ev'n of immortality.  
He said: "My observation first attends  
To the remark which to his speech appends,  
And which his claim impertinently ends.  
Those words infer 't is possible to have  
Our votes by favour, and that we can wave  
Judgment convinced, betray our sacred trust,  
Defile our honour in the blinding dust  
Of partiality,—in one word, be unjust.  
We've nought to give; we're here, with care to read  
Each man's deserts, which must decide the meed :  
Surely he thinks he still a senate leads,  
Where, counting on the predetermined heads,  
Not reason—right, he gain'd a vile success,  
Blighting his country's future happiness.  
"I now advert to his so boasted plan,  
And its effects on thoughtless, social man.



All must be kept at artificial rates,  
To the deep curse of those ill-managed states,  
Where public debt's incurr'd. Their bread, their  
wine,

Their clothes enhanced, must pay the lasting fine.  
That it doth tend to stop reform is true;  
But that the unjust reform'd is wrong, to you  
Must be a doctrine insolent as new.

Reform refused;—the full-grown man we see  
Stuff'd in the unfitting garb of infancy.  
The body thus attired, how squeezed, confined!  
Yet thus old, narrow institutions cramp the mind.  
Can it be strange such cerements burst away  
From mental growth, rot in the light of genial day?  
No people can be truly great or free,  
Tied by base int'rest to the powers that be,  
Be they, or good, or bad; yet such are all  
Who public creditors themselves can call.

“That debt is riches! Would we could this grant,  
Nor hear the groaning millions' loud complaint,  
Who pay the species of state mendicant  
Who live on it. See these what ill awaits  
Their lines of credit on insolvent states?  
Wealth eaten, lost in fire, or in the main,  
Can't as before its valued worth retain,  
'Cause some are forced to pay an int'rest still:  
Yet such these debts; men pay against their will,  
Who borrow'd not, nor benefit received;  
Yet still, by power, are of their goods bereaved.  
Thus might a father family riches boast,  
Who, to prevent some fav'rites' shares being lost,  
Borrows upon the labour of the whole,  
And their descendants; guarding thus his roll

Of rent, by pledging those for its defence  
 Who to his riches he gives no pretence :  
 How just is this ! decide thou, common sense ;  
 And also how the family is blest  
 By part being labour'd for by all the rest.  
 He calls it serving all for their defence,  
 When part is served, though at the whole's expense.

“ How mean the people who contract a debt,  
 To let their children's children pay for it !  
 These children may have to defend their own,  
 Have wars to wage, sufficient quite, alone,  
 Without their grandsires' debts to press them down.  
 In ancient times 't was usual to prepare  
 The rising ages means to meet a war ;  
 But the finesse of modern government  
 Taxes the unborn to pay what it hath spent.  
 Spending with reckless waste, by partial laws,  
 It on the future generations draws,—  
 Pretends to bind them in its pseudo-sacred caus  
 Oh ! false pretence, destructive of all good ;  
 Who war on loans, war with their children's blood !

“ Supposing ev'n the wars he waged were just ;  
 Th' estates, the coin, the corn, the men robust,  
 With the materials, were then and there,  
 Which carried on, he says, successful war :  
 'Tis just the men, corn, money, lands should pay  
 Their own defence,—all for their present day ;  
 And leave their lands, goods, labour, country, free,  
 And unincumber'd their posterity ;  
 For evil men will trouble every age,  
 And each may have defensive war to wage.  
 Thus, 't was unjust this scheming claimant here  
 Should rob posterity, because none there

Did plead their cause with energetic force,  
 And shake the selfish senators with just discourse :  
 Tell them, they their successors left to fight  
 With empty coffers, if attacked their right ;  
 Yea, worse than empty, left them call'd upon  
 To pay those unjust debts their ancestors laid on.

“Should future ages ever hesitate  
 To pay the int'rest of a sunken debt  
 They ne'er contracted, let his prescience see  
 What widows, orphans, then will ruin'd be ;  
 Then say how he hath bless'd posterity !  
 When sinks the drained country's civil health,  
 How different then these debts to real wealth !  
 Just so, the needy dreams of treasure found,—  
 Wakes by th' imagined weight to barrenness all  
 round.

“Were wars, as anciently, now promptly paid  
 (Not by shortsighted ministers be made  
 The grand foundation of a gaming trade  
 In sunken debts), they would be few and short ;  
 And men more seldom would be played in sport,  
 By heartless, calculating, tyrant kings,  
 By others' folly made such powerful things.  
 Say not it were too much at once to pay  
 The great expense that meets some dreadful day :  
 Be the war just, men will the cost defray :  
 Fear not a people will resist the call  
 When 't is their cause, they'll freely part with all !

“Since he left earth this candidate should know  
 God never demons made, above, below !  
 These are the coinage of the human brain :  
 Reform 's so called when it resists men's gain

Unjust. Some think crimes sanctified by use,—  
That plunder legalized is no abuse,—  
That laws to rob will justify the deed,—  
That who resists may even justly bleed,—  
That leading armies to support a wrong  
Is glorious, if it have existed long.  
Crimes oft repeated, artfully change name,  
Then, shamelessly, prescriptive right proclaim,  
And, seal'd by blood, exalt bad men to fame.  
The man who boasts his countless thousands slain,  
Makes real the ideal demon of his brain,  
And blasphemously gives to God the plan  
Of hideous monsters thus self-made by man.  
Eternal justice, slow such men to bless,  
Will keep them distant far and long from happiness.

“When the oppressors' failing power gets less  
And they no more can facilely oppress,  
Right is by them proclaim'd as going—gone;  
The country, too, as utterly undone:  
They call aloud to all reform withstand,  
Which swamps their joys, as deluges the land:  
A wiser generation's now aware,  
While those succeed, 't is then the ruin's there.

“This plotting minister of mighty name,  
By those he served exalted high in fame,  
Is, I conceive, for heav'nly power unfit;  
I therefore move an order to transmit  
This scheming candidate to whence he came,  
That men may learn, who seek a sounding name,  
That only virtue leads to heav'nly fame.”

With this award the assembly were content,  
Express'd, in short, remarks of full consent.

The disappointed statesman heaved a sigh,  
Look'd wistfully, but went without reply :  
So the gaunt wolf that on the flock would prey,  
Turns, at the shepherd's voice, unwillingly away.

Who next appeared had sought the bubble fame,  
That starts and bursts upon a hero's name :  
In warlike exercise his whole employ ;  
In fierce contention was his savage joy.  
With haughty confidence he thus began  
To enumerate his services to man.

“ From early youth I loved the clang of arms,  
And found no pleasure save in loud alarms ;  
Long anxious years I fought in fields afar  
To gain perfection in the art of war ;  
Despising all the sordid arts of peace,  
The merchant's labour and the gownman's ease,  
I bent my studies to the tented plains  
And battle fields, where brilliant glory reigns.  
Perfected in my art, I join'd from far  
The friends of contest, and promoted war,  
To raise my country's glory and my own,  
And add new brilliance to my sovereign's crown.  
Successful here, successful in the war,  
I soon became my country's leading star,  
Extending thus her influence near and far ;  
Join'd the staunch nobles to repel the storm,  
Encroaching, ruinous, men call reform ;  
Conserved our ancient rights, resisted those  
Who would new laws and customs strange impose.  
On these high grounds I claim your voice to have  
The fair reward of the distinguish'd brave,—  
The fair reward of him who did impart  
New light and force to military art ;

Exerted to my country's great renown,  
And adding glory to a mighty crown."

He rested here. One of the members rose,  
Who, in his life of active virtue, chose  
A better path, in lab'ring much to find  
The means to give instruction to mankind,  
And chiefly to the children of the poor,  
Who lack'd the key that opes the golden door  
Enclosing sacred knowledge,—right of all,—  
That genius' seeds may grow where'er they fall;  
That all may read, may understand their rights,  
Maintain by reason, not by murderous fights.  
His actions suffered him, from earliest youth  
To gravest age, to speak the simple truth.  
A fame so fair, so useful to mankind,  
Is sure in heav'n a high reward to find;  
For this elected to the council there,  
'Mongst the high honoured of the solar sphere,  
In simple language, modestly expressed,  
He thus th' assembly and the president addressed.

"This son of war, who raised a lasting name,  
Will find his, here, I think, an unpraised fame;  
Writ with the blood of thousands it may stand,  
Defying ocean's waters and its sand,  
Till even he may wish it scour'd away  
With the mementos of each boasted day.  
Soon on his memory the noise will jar  
Of trumpets, drums, and implements of war,  
That clashing, rumbling, join'd the field from far;  
And horrible the gun's, th' artillery's sound,  
Disgorging fiery deaths at all around.  
The time must come when he desirously  
Shall wish those scenes could unremember'd be.

As to his claims, he claims for many fights,  
In bloody frays for dark prescriptive rights ;  
Prescriptive 'cause the oppression has been long :  
Injustice long permitted, claims like justice strong ;  
Forgets there is a right more ancient still—  
The equal right of all ! that ever will  
Have a precedent claim, and ever must  
Be heard in those societies where men are just.  
Aggression and injustice give no right,  
Though they too frequently, in hands of might,  
Practise oppression long ; but length of time  
Can't justify, but much increases crime.

“No wars are here to need this man of strife ;  
His talents useless, like his former life.  
His glittering honours now, like broken toys,  
Their tinsel faded and bereft of noise,  
May teach him yet, if not too proud to learn,  
That all true honours on the useful turn.

“I must propose he speedily be sent  
To whence he came ; place suited to repent  
Of former errors, present to correct ;  
Where he'll no longer social rights neglect.”

Th' assembly gave unanimous consent ;—  
To the proud applicant a chastisement :  
Who, as when he in some grand movement fail'd,  
In angry murmurs his bad fortune wail'd ;  
So now his loud complaints were spent in air,  
When bidden to his nether world again repair.

A member now proposed that they postpone  
The sitting till three hours of time were gone,  
Three solar hours ; as some unheard, had more  
Of reason for their claims than these past o'er ;

They might, therefore, as has been said, require  
Time to arrange their thoughts, who high aspire.

Th' assembly all agreed. Thus time was given  
To see some little of the solar heaven.

In various groups vast numbers glide away  
In the pursuit of pleasure, grave or gay.  
Some scent the odours of delightful flowers,  
Or the rich sweetness of the falling showers  
Of fruit delicious, melting as they fall;  
Then borne in fragrance through the air, serve all  
That breathe with rich refection; thrilling joy  
To senses pure, thus fed without alloy.  
There no crude feculence offends, remains;  
No ardent draughts run boiling through the veins;  
Each respiration brings its varied joy;  
No surfeits satiate nor the tone destroy.  
Some poised in air, at various points on high,  
Sublime at ease, on couch aerial lie;  
Some fleet along with light's velocity.  
Thus men, on earth the helpless prey of worms,  
There with ethereal organic forms,  
Invisible to mortal eyes, have force  
And speed astonishing through space to course.



BOOK VI.

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THE son of letters and the poet's meed  
Is to be read, of other men we read.  
Where there is sense, though they at first displease,  
All after-ages shall converse with these.  
But there are men despising poetry;  
Pounds, shillings, pence, their triune deity,  
No higher their imaginations see:  
So cramp'd and so confined to earth's poor ball,  
That digging, scraping, there's their all in all.  
T' expect they'd trace imagination's bound,  
Were to expect two centres in one circle's round.  
In sober age, as well as ardent youth,  
Imagination ofttimes leads to truth.

Zobieski and the noble messenger  
Proposed to join a party through the air,  
To meet the sons of song, of mighty name,  
Who gave, and who enjoy, imperishable fame.  
Mounted in air, they made their rapid way  
O'er the vast orb, source of eternal day,  
(Which gives the day to its dependent spheres,  
And all their changes through their varied years,)  
A distance that would make an easy girth,  
If traced the centre round, of spacious earth.

On a small mount, small on the solar sphere,  
But fix'd on earth enormous 't would appear,  
All rest. Upon its beauteous brow is found  
The hall of song, with roseate groves around,  
And balmy fruits. Through Sol's eternal year,  
Spring, summer, autumn, hand in hand are there.  
Man breathes refreshment, and immortal health,  
And joys eternal are his genuine wealth;  
Ev'n poets there, no longer can be poor—  
With every want supplied: none search for more,  
But tune the lyre, and raise the sacred song  
In grateful numbers, all the groves among:  
All praise inadequate! for none can give  
Praise adequate to Him by whom th' immortals live.

Within the spacious hall, a lofty throne  
Of diamond, and seats of precious stone,  
Imperishable, fill the floor around:  
This poets built, for Homer to be crown'd  
Father of verse! At stated times they come  
To hear repeated, in this sounding dome,  
Aught new in song that promises to be  
An added page of immortality.  
Lib'ral of praise, where praise is justly due;  
If there be vice, as free with censure too.

Placed on the throne the mighty Homer see,  
Which he'll enjoy until a greater be;  
Which some opine we never need expect,  
While others think more light should it effect:  
Should such e'er rise, they must united be—  
The father and the prince of poetry.

Great Homer taught—that union is strength!  
And had the Greeks but seen the force, the length

Of this advice, to Philip's arts of sway,  
 They never had by piecemeal fallen a prey;  
 No barb'rous hordes had trodden land so free,  
 Nor brought the worst of curses—slavery.  
 He yet is heard! we all his heroes see!  
 Gone, but for him, as is their progeny,  
 And ev'n their gods had lost their deity.

Virgil at distance sat. Oh! fact accursed,  
 The best of imitators and the worst.  
 Like flowing numbers he with polish wrought,  
 But miss'd, somehow, the lesson which was taught:  
 Taught not—the Romans to united be,  
 And foster every right—in liberty.  
 Alas! his pregnant muse disgraced her birth,  
 And stoop'd to the servilities of earth;  
 Cater'd for Cæsar's power, and sung to bind  
 The curse of slavery on the freeborn mind;  
 Invented his most brilliant poetry  
 To reconcile mankind to tyranny.  
 Oh! wretched Rome! well might'st thou fade and  
 fall,

When ev'n thy poets heard base Avarice's call:  
 Oh! wretched service of immortal verse,  
 To slavery tuned—the worst, the vital curse!

Placed near the throne, the noblest bards among,  
 "Who rose to truth, and moralized his song;"  
 Him Homer saw with much complacency,  
 Who spread his fame to northern nations free,  
 From whence it flies where'er the British tongue  
 Speaks freedom, numerous lands and climes among;  
 Ev'n where its sound the African sets free,  
 And says no colour is a bar to liberty!

But more to name, as seated near the throne,  
 Invidious were, and better left alone  
 Where all cannot be sung; suffice it, there,  
 Of many nations and all ages were  
 Who had their countries and their people raised,  
 Their loves, their manners, and their glories praised  
 In various verse; who roused the brave, the strong,  
 Or made life pleasant with the cheerful song.

On elevated seat, but not apart,  
 Sat the great master of the scenic art;  
 Whose various beauties to attempt t' unfold,  
 Were, in his words, "to gild refined gold."  
 Near him illustrious, far-famed numbers sat,  
 Who paid due reverence to his high estate;  
 Admired his brilliant wit excursive fly,  
 And the deep meaning of his flashing eye;  
 I state not names, as I could not relate  
 Their various merits, nor exact estate.

Go thou! conceive how mind e'er mildly beams  
 In visions that behold magnetic streams:  
 No common ken! such is the poet's eye—  
 Imagination; flying excursively  
 Into all systems; there the modes of being,  
 In all their various ranks and changes seeing;  
 All unimpeded, unrestrain'd by aught,  
 And all man knows of heaven by it to earth is  
     brought.

Mere calculating earth-bent minds can't see  
 The use divine of sacred poesy;  
 Which sings of heaven, where none but poets would  
 Admitted be, and brings down truths that could  
 Be known but by its sacred ministry;  
 It by its fair creations makes men see

The good they might attain; and good to crown,  
Imagines better worlds to mend to our own.

Around, in various groups, conversing sat,  
Whose names resounded in gazettes of state,  
And shouting crowds: but observation shews,  
The noisiest stream, the narrowest or the shallowest  
flows;

And quite apart were some of virtuous name,  
Those of less sounding, but more noble fame.

Livonian Maid, thy virtues graced a throne,  
And purer, brighter, than its owner's shone;  
Mercy there found its way, when help'd by thee,  
That brightest gem! in thee set beauteously;  
Banish'd the scaffold and avenging sword,  
And cast a lustre on thy sterner lord.  
With her conversing noble Askew sat,  
Whose soul despised the vengeance of a state.  
True to her trust, still more to reason true,  
Her wise replies confound the dastard crew  
Of legal murderers: Oh! human shame!  
That men could e'er be found, who for a name!  
Yea, but a name, for names no change can make,  
Could bind a noble-minded woman to a stake;  
Who could not think, what none with reason could,  
That priest-bless'd bread was flesh—that wine was  
blood.

Her freeborn spirit nobly, greatly high,  
Disdain'd to load her conscience with a lie;  
But rather chose the most vindictive death to die.  
And artful priests may argue as they will,  
The basest interest is their mover still;  
For none were e'er so void of common sense  
As to believe such things, but by pretence.

Innumerable happy spirits there  
Conversed, who, when on earth, were term'd the fair.  
Inferiority of sex's not known,  
They with proud man stand equal, or alone.  
Th' assembled there were woman's noblest kind,  
Associated by congenial mind  
And like pursuits; all celebrated were  
For useful virtues in their natal sphere.  
To sing all these by name, who merit praise,  
Must be a theme for heaven's, not earth's brief days;  
Let it suffice their lives with right had run,  
True, as the shadow to the substance and the sun.

Publius Horatius was conspicuous there,  
Who, brave and bold when freedom call'd to war,  
Reproach'd with baseness, with vile slavery,  
Those who, not satisfied t' unmindful be  
Of theirs, would wrest from others—liberty.  
Sole on the bridge he check'd an army's march,  
Till planks and piles, and each supporting arch  
Behind him fell; then plunging in the wave,  
All arm'd, on mighty efforts forced, did save  
Himself,—his country saved! and gave to Rome  
The stimulus of greatness for the time to come.  
In garb of citizen, the brave St. Pierre,  
Saviour of Calais, sat, conversing there.  
Shame to the scribe who said his birth was mean,  
His mind so noble, and his conscience clean.  
Ye, proud of birth! be envy silent then,  
All births are noble which produce great men;  
The good are great: if great your ancient sires,  
See you relume and guard their virtuous fires.

There seats of adamant placed all around,  
Make beautiful the glades and open ground;

Though seats are little wanted for man there,  
Who can recline himself on ambient air ;  
Yet habit prompts, though needless to his state,  
Conversing, or at rest, to take a seat.  
On those were seen, reciprocating joy  
In mental intercourse, men whose employ  
On earth had been t' improve and bless mankind,  
By opening reason's laws to the attentive mind ;  
By opening to the view of ardent youth  
Th' unerring book where nature leads to truth ;  
Where the soul acting freely and unbought,  
Through fertile valleys turns the stream of thought,  
Which gives and gathers, as it glides along,  
New energy and strength—and sings th' instructive  
song !

The swift-wing'd hours brought round th' expected  
time,

When all return'd, with rapid flight sublime,  
To the great hall of conference ; and join'd  
With us, were some of high poetic mind,  
Who had proposed the journey, thought not long,  
To make th' election theme of heavenly song.

Arrived, we found the great assembly met,  
And he who spoke, expressing the regret  
Of one who had in life penurious been ;  
One who, from what he now had heard and seen,  
Declined the contest. Thrifty ev'n in death,  
He gave not till he'd drawn his latest breath ;  
And when no longer he could hold, took aim,  
By posthumous large charities, at fame :  
Left to build almshouses and hospitals,  
His wealth ; but little of it ever falls

In the intended hands : good places made,  
Make trusts become a thriving family trade.  
Let the good man, who from his wealth can spare,  
Give while he lives to those who needy are ;  
In every age abundant ways he'll find,  
Where wealth may be well dealt to poor mankind :  
In every age there wealthy men will be,  
Who can relieve the poor posterity ;  
Much greater good will do what man sees given,  
While he more imitates the bounteous hand of heaven.

Next, one laid claim, not for his deeds on earth,  
But solely for his most illustrious birth ;  
But hear him speak, as he best understands  
How he received his worth from ancient hands.

“ My ancestors, ere birth was ridiculed,  
The eastern and the western empires ruled ;  
And never have, as heraldry may trace,  
Mix'd but with kingly or imperial race :  
And while the Roman power unbending stood,  
None else e'er join'd with our imperial blood.  
At its decline alliances were spread,  
And we united were with every head  
Of European dynasties. My own,  
From the chief princely branch in Europe known,  
Ancient and great, has flowed in pure descent,  
And never has to nobler, greater, bent.  
I confidently hope it will appear  
No higher claim can be advanced here ;  
And that I every ancient right embrace  
From our imperial, long descended race.”

He ceased and sat, intending to reply,  
Could aught be said 'gainst birth's supremacy.



A member rose, and thus his reas'ning ran :  
 " There's no pre-eminence from birth in man.  
 Ye sapient members now assembled here,  
 And some of all degrees of birth appear,  
 To you I dare appeal, or any where,  
 If reason, justice are confined to line :  
 And thou great Chatham, did they run in thine ?  
 Yet few more high endowments had than thee ;  
 And thou most justly and determinedly  
 Th' oppressive frauds of birthright wrongs did shew,  
 Till ev'n thy prince could bend the gloomy brow.  
 If by a long descent most dynasties  
 Became, as rivers more profound, more wise,  
 Men to the claim of right divine might yield ;  
 And such like wisdom well would keep the field  
 'Gainst all opposing claims ; and with it would  
 All rights be safe,—as Wisdom's ever just and good.  
 But how, alas ! has man's experience found  
 The fact ? Like rivers through hot regions bound,  
 And though first issuing from lakes profound,  
 They in deep, arid, scorching deserts roll,  
 Till heat and sterile sands absorb the whole :  
 Rivers and races run through weak'ning climes ;  
 Those the sun's rays enfeeble—these, corrupting times.  
 In one sole instance men from birth draw good,  
 'T is when they make it stem ambition's flood ;  
 Give it a lawful right, where daring men  
 Would war, and without kingly name would reign.  
 " Where in republics the whole field invites  
 Each youth who thinks that he speaks well, or writes,  
 Persuades himself, fair reason knows not how,  
 The state's chief charge will fit his ample brow.

Contentions, civil wars, will scarce abate,  
When open the first honours of the state.  
The warlike chief to whom contention's sport,  
And who finds armies ready to support  
Each cause that pays,—with right or not, his claim  
Pursues; and thus by force obtains his aim:  
Men's rights destroy'd by power, on false pretence,  
Are ne'er restored to them in pure obedience  
To law: here despots rise: whate'er the name,—  
Republican, imperial, galls the same.  
Law-raised, hereditary monarchy  
Prevents ambition's selfish rivalry:  
In limits firm—with wise restrictions, see  
In it perfected rational liberty.  
It gives what liberty republics can,  
With far less danger, from ambitious man,  
Of losing it; prevents collisions, jars,  
And the cursed scourge of murd'rous civil wars,  
And brothers' deaths. From despotism, we see  
What, ages distant, is restricted monarchy!  
May those so blest, with care the treasure guard,  
Nor in the madd'ning vortex get ensnared,  
Where despotism, republic, anarchy,  
In dire, unsure succession, restlessly  
Run upon hollow and volcanic ground,  
Their dread, tyrannic, cruel, blood-stained round.  
Nor should men pray that kings have genius' flights,  
Which would the more endanger all their rights:  
An honest head to guide one fixed hand,  
While heads responsible direct, their best demand.  
We mortal man more civilized must see,  
Ere a republic the best government shall be.

For this digression I your pardon claim ;  
 I, urged by evils sweeten'd with a name  
 For man on earth, neglected to reflect  
 That men's opinions here have little to correct.

“ The claimant here no social merit claims ;  
 A despot bred, despotic all his aims.  
 He, even here, would urge a right divine—  
 Exploded and ridiculous ! confine  
 Your choice to his tyrannic family,  
 And make all virtue's sons neglected be.  
 I then propose he to his sphere return ;  
 With time and opportunity he'll learn,—  
 This son of kings,—but merit here can shine,  
 And virtue—active virtue—give the right divine.  
 As impious as ridiculous must be  
 All other claims divine. The DERTY  
 Is there accused of having partially  
 Appointed one whose will may tyrannize  
 O'er millions of his equals, or more wise :  
 And not enough, that such impostors make  
 All property and power their own ; they take,  
 (Gross appetite insatiate so delves,)  
 For their injustice, every honour to themselves.  
 There's nought in names can sanctify the base ;  
 A man's true honour rests not on his race,  
 But on himself: on this it firmly stands ;  
 On that 't is built on mouldering piles and crumbling  
 sands.”

Th' assembly gave unanimous assent.  
 Meantime this prince, whose haughty soul was bent,  
 Made no reply, but quickly walk'd away,  
 To leave, with blighted hopes, the orb of day :

Thus oft a candidate on earth is known  
To mark, as certainty, some place his own;  
But, much surprised, he finds men grown too wise  
To vote for tyranny with open eyes:  
Vain pompous talk, an ancient name as vain;  
Each neither makes remark, nor turns again.

Now with firm step th' intrepid Luther came,  
Asserting thus his right to heav'nly fame.  
"To me men owe the free Protestant name.  
I taught that conscience should be ever free;  
That to have clear, unbounded liberty  
To think, and speak, and serve the God of all,  
Is man's plain right, and not equivocal.  
That at all risks men should this liberty  
Assert; in mind, be boldly, truly free;  
Nor e'er submit to mental tyranny.  
I broke the chains that pure religion gall'd,  
That countless numbers of mankind enthrall'd,  
Forced them to take th' authority of man,  
For what all ought themselves to search and scan.  
I taught that none in faith contented be,  
Save with his reason's, best authority.  
For toils and dangers in this arduous task  
T' emancipate the mind, I dare to ask  
Your suffrages. I till'd a spacious field,  
And the large harvest which my labours yield,  
There's millions can attest: to you 't is known,  
Who can my efforts with high honour crown.  
I therefore pray that with the strictest care  
You will my claim with others well compare;  
For hitherto there's none appeared, I ween,  
Whose merits are so great as mine have been."

He ceased and sat,—while some who him preferr'd,  
Made a slight hum of approbation heard.

The president arose and mildly said,—  
“ Man is here judged by his acts—not creed :  
Actions speak every tongue,—in every age,  
In each man's life the most important page;  
Prove, if profession be with conscience rife,  
And that the best of worship is an upright life.  
The noble efforts of this applicant,  
Resisting mighty power predominant,  
Which would o'er conscience bear debasing sway,  
And force all men its interested way :  
This, though confined, doth well deserve regard,  
And, though not first, must meet a great reward :  
This not of choice but judgment; for man here  
His suffrage gives but from conviction clear.  
If thus this council think, I would propose  
He president to far Uranus goes ;  
Where numberless inquiring youth he'll find,  
Will hail his aid t' assist th' expanding mind ;  
Will hail the countenance which he may give  
To free discussion upon all that live.

“ As none dissent,—be it at once decreed  
That he the present president succeed,  
The time his presidency shall expire :  
Till then he can on solar ground retire,  
Where he may see what will much useful thought  
inspire.”

He coldly smiled, for but half-pleased he seem'd ;  
He the chief honour as his own had deem'd :  
Ambition ev'n with piety is found,  
There runs a darken'd, hidden, tortuous round,  
Being least obvious where 't is most profound.

A second claim'd for much instruction given  
To man, to find the certain way to heaven;  
Who, as all should, conceived his way the best,  
And thus with confidence that house august address'd.

“ With toil and danger I have shewn the road  
By which th' elect can safely pass to God;  
Made clear the sacred proof that others are  
By Him rejected, and to hell repair.  
Have well explain'd how God is justified,  
Those to select and these to set aside;  
Proved that His plastic hand at pleasure may  
Turn to what use He will the senseless clay.  
On merits such as these I raise my claim,  
And hope they in your eyes will justify my aim.”

All seem'd to wonder what the claimant meant,  
And every eye turn'd on the president,  
Who, thus ask'd tacitly, again arose,  
And said,—“ Thus call'd upon, I must propose  
This claimant to internal earth be sent  
Again, where he three centuries hath spent,  
Earth-meted centuries, to little good;  
Retaining strange opinions still, that would,  
If true, dishonour God. He dares assert  
That the All-just, All-wise, doth right subvert;  
Make the majority of men to be  
Doom'd from eternity to misery;  
On the pretence that every worker may  
Make what he will of the unfeeling clay.  
God's no mere potter when the soul's infused,  
Or the nerves given that are in feeling used.  
All but fanatics think what feels should be,  
Than the unfeeling used more feelingly :

And yet he dare accuse just heaven to make  
 Beings with sense for an eternal stake  
 And endless fire; Oh! dire impiety!  
 Next to th' offence—denying God to be—  
 This mental crime; predestinated all,  
 To, spite of vice or virtue, rise or fall;  
 Th' elect, for heav'n without or care or toil,  
 Be vessels sacred that no vice can soil:  
 That solacer of vice—necessity,  
 Makes but one sinner—Him—the Deity.  
 He is the builder who ordains the pile;  
 Man forced on vice would make the forcer vile.  
 This strangely inconsistent man could make  
 His necessarians punishment partake,  
 And, though reformer, advocate the stake:  
 Presumed that God would act 'gainst reason's laws,  
 And ev'n His justice leave for such a cause.

“ Predestination's dark and foul abyss,  
 Where all the serpents of injustice hiss,  
 Where every vice finds a congenial soil,  
 And every passion meets its sharp'ning oil;  
 The worst fanatic's madness rises thence,  
 Railing at reason's light and common sense;  
 Groping like moles, self-blinded they dispute,  
 Narrowing Omnipotence themselves to suit:  
 All partial piety hath ever striven  
 To gratify some selfish view on earth or heaven.

“ As none dissent, and he makes no reply,  
 We order, he to earth's recesses hie;  
 Rest till he can in full this comprehend—  
 God makes man's bliss immortal on man's self depend.”

As the fierce wolf with confidence draws near,  
 When only seen the flock he longs to tear;

But when the shepherd's voice resounds from far,  
See the dread tyrant turn, not wait the war :  
So fail'd in confidence, so turn'd away,  
The man who made his flock in gloom and darkness  
    stray.

Another now, of saintly aspect came,  
Who had on earth acquired a holy name ;  
Had preach'd and pray'd the late, the early hour,  
And by humility made way to power.  
With seeming diffidence he then began :  
" With pain I saw the darken'd state of man,  
My life devoted to enlighten him ;  
Taught him of cherubim and seraphim ;  
Made clear the way in which the saints had trod,  
And shewed mankind to heaven a surer road :  
All this I did to glorify my God.  
Instill'd a salutary fear of hell  
And the arch-demon, who from heaven fell  
Resisting the Omnipotent, of man  
The foe ; deceiving and destroying all he can.  
Such are the claims I pray you to regard ;  
Which must, if not the first, deserve a high reward."

A mute astonishment the house possess'd  
Till one arose, and thus the throne address'd :  
" Again we wish our president would rise,  
As quite uninfluenced, and none more wise ;  
Living on earth ere creeds disputed were,  
Thy strict impartiality to all is clear ;  
And thou art not by points perplex'd misled."  
He, thus requested, straight arose and said :  
" All mortal works experience may improve ;  
But God's are with perfection interwove,



And need no after-thought, no second touch ;  
For He can ne'er fall short, nor do too much.  
Who thinks to rectify God's work must be  
Slave of the most egregious vanity.  
Where were your creeds when our first fathers trod  
The earth, and saw that to an All-just God  
Their all was owed ? 'T is blasphemy to say  
That this than that to heaven's a better way  
Mark'd out by God : His justice makes it plain  
That all have equally the means to bliss obtain.  
Pernicious, false, that faith must surely be,  
That, in the sacred name of Deity,  
His favour or forgiveness promises  
For aught, save justice and th' humanities,  
And an amended life. The true faith must  
Be based upon the truth that God is just ;  
Thus applicable, and, still more, applied  
To every people, every age—their guide :  
Man's conscience, honestly consulted, is  
True inspiration ! God is felt in this !  
Th' Almighty had He will'd, could with a word  
Have made all men to the same faith accord :  
To God alone could vice and virtue be  
Attach'd, if He had not made man entirely free.  
And differ as men will about the road,  
Religion is but love and thankfulness to God ;  
Virtue,—love, justice, service render'd man,  
Where nothing is required but what his reason can.  
“ Clothed in humility, how vain must be  
He who presumes he honours Deity !  
Such thoughts as this denote a fever'd brain ;  
Such flickering fires in misty regions reign.

"This claimant speaks of salutary fears  
 Of hell and devils pour'd in mortal ears.  
 By each fanatic, 't is beyond dispute,  
 Religion is made virtue's substitute :  
 Like double flowers their flush assertions are ;  
 The seed of sense with such is very rare.  
 He should have known that they who are devout  
 Through fear of hell, are ever destitute  
 Of virtue. He besides must surely see  
 A being like the devil could never be :  
 Folly to think such being could defy  
 So long th' omnipotence of the Deity:  
 They must be nearly atheists who believe  
 Th' Almighty need 'gainst any being strive,  
 Or, that He ever would contending live.  
 In man probation'ry alone we see  
 Aught demon-like allowed by the Deity ;  
 For if allow'd elsewhere, He 'd cause the fiend to be.  
 Dark ignorance and superstition have,  
 Dreading the devil, fearful made the grave ;  
 Coinage of priestly brains,—he melts away  
 In mental light, like mist before the blaze of day.  
 But as this claimant moral goodness taught,  
 As the best proof of a religion fraught  
 With good—'known by its fruits,'—I now propose  
 That he no more to planetary regions goes ;  
 But, resting here, more quickly may acquire  
 True moral greatness and true mental fire."  
 Th' Assembly rose, and all, with body bent,  
 In silence gave unanimous consent.  
 The candidate seem'd waked as from a dream  
 Of mighty power, magnificent, supreme ;

Lost his opinions' strong sustaining power,  
While all his grand ideas appear'd to lower.  
Thus doth the frozen plant erect remain  
Till thawed, then flags and bends upon the plain ;  
That which destroys a seeming vigour gives,  
And its destruction 's seen from that by which it lives :  
The plant revives if it perennial be ;  
The man finds grace who acted conscientiously.

A chief stood forth, the turban'd millions' pride,  
Who had on earth his standard sanctified,  
And given those heav'n, who for his glory died.  
With confidence he came ; high fortune's child,  
Of fear and almost deference beguiled ;  
And thus he spoke : " Ye wisest of mankind,  
Convoked here out of man's race to find  
His greatest friend. Though candidate I'm here,  
The prophet and the hero cannot fear.  
These characters I raised myself on earth,  
And to a glorious dynasty gave birth ;  
Still more, I man a new religion taught,  
With thoughts sublime of Deity full-fraught ;—  
One single, infinite, eternal God,  
Without or issue or similitude :  
And it succeeds amidst opposing creeds,  
'Gainst wild crusades, dark superstition's deeds.  
Those glorious truths 't was written I should draw  
From heav'n to earth, and mould them into law :  
Chosen of God to promulgate His word,  
Enforce with reason, or the conq'ring sword.  
My part perform'd, on earth a glorious name,  
I here assert my right to heav'nly fame."

A member rose, of philosophic mind,  
Who'd sought to reason's laws to bring mankind,

And thus address'd the house: "Ye, chosen here  
To judge who most deserving shall appear  
Of heavenly honours, deign my thoughts to hear.  
They shall be few, with deference express'd,  
As suited to the wisdom here address'd.  
In man's discourse the wise have well opined,  
That long experience will ever find  
Great thoughts in few and simple words express'd,  
Are true sublimity's unerring proof and test.  
This candidate here says his merits are  
A name prophetic and success in war:  
The first he knew was false, as all such are;  
God were unjust had He to favourites given  
A further view than reason gives of heaven,  
Which every man may use: the second brings  
But ill to man,—thence his worst evil springs.  
His liberal idea of Deity  
Makes it astonishing that ever he  
Could think the Omniscient Power would give  
Sanction to murder those He caused to live.  
But worse than death! men of another creed  
Are sentenced through their lives to toil and bleed  
In hopeless slavery. For this, shall we  
The bright reward for blessing man decree?  
He taught a God, but with ambitious aims,—  
But taught no more than every herb proclaims  
To reasoning man: yet I for this propose  
That he no more t' internal regions goes,  
But on the outer surface may obtain  
Knowledge of nature, where the God throughout  
is plain."  
All readily agreed without debate,  
And waiting for the next in silence sat.

Things as their nature and their strength conform;  
 The oak withstands, the reed evades the storm :  
 This candidate like to the latter bent,  
 Receiving this as destiny's event.  
 No doubt, that when God wills He can foresee,  
 But yet no slave to foresight can He be ;  
 He's not compell'd to ever use His power  
 To influence every act of man, and fix its hour.

Next Genghis Khan, the mounted Tartar's pride,  
 For victories claim'd, and being to heav'n allied.  
 Thus his brief speech : " I, born to rule on earth  
 (From virgin mother had miraculous birth),  
 My rights asserted on the tented plain,  
 And bent the Saracens beneath my reign.  
 Honour'd on earth, I hope to you 't is clear  
 Increase of honours should attend me here."

To this a member, with a smile, replied :  
 " Thy glories, all to cruelty allied,  
 Founded on plunder and on shedding blood,  
 No sophistry can twist to human good.  
 Thy virgin birth, but to deceive—conceived :  
 So fraud proclaim'd, and so credulity believed :  
 But to deceive can never be to serve ;  
 Much less can virtue's glorious meed deserve.  
 Of you the judges chosen by mankind,  
 For justice, virtue, and expanse of mind,  
 I ask, if man from aught he's done obtains  
 Such good, as should relieve him from his sentenced  
 pains ?"

The " No !" sonorous sounded through the hall,  
 Which did the Tartar hero much appal.  
 Then, as a captured wolf is forced along,  
 Snarling and snapping at th' observing throng ;

He moved, reluctantly, to take his flight  
To earth internal, barr'd from solar light:  
Himself t' improve, ere he can enter heaven,  
For the full period of his sentence given.

Next, Asia's scourge, the haughty Tamerlane,  
Awaking to ambitious hopes again,  
Himself presented, and the house address'd,  
And, confidently, thus himself express'd.  
"Conq'ror of half mankind, I mercy shewed  
To those, who to my power imperial bowed.  
A shepherd born, I raised a glorious name,  
Exalted to the skies my people's fame;  
For which I, even here, distinction claim."  
A member rose, who had avoided strife,  
And lived, on earth, the peaceful shepherd's life,  
On Asia's sunny plains; whose open door  
Received the trav'ller, stranger, and the poor;  
Whose flocks and herds, and sons and self, the sword  
Of this so mighty self-elected lord,  
Had sacrificed in furtherance of his fame;  
And deep, with blood, to write his murd'rous name.  
Such fame, oh, strange to tell, though cursing all,  
Weak millions praise, and thus promote their children's  
fall!

This member, looking with indignant eye,  
Thus to the haughty tyrant made reply:  
"When thou didst raise by cruelty and art,  
Resistless power, and from all right depart,  
Thou spakest of gratitude to God, express'd  
By clemency to man. This boast address'd  
To captive Bajazet, with vaunting breath,  
He from thy mercy of enslavement flew to death.

The pyramid of ninety thousand heads,  
Which cast its horrid shade where Tigris spreads  
Her tepid waves, refreshing Bagdad's groves,  
Thy cruel mind and thy foul feeling proves.  
Thou, like all despots who their virtues boast,  
Presum'dst reflection in mankind was lost:  
Most ins'lent thy pretence to clemency;  
Such tyrants surely think God hath no memory!"  
Then turning to the members, thus he spoke:  
"Here 't is superfluous justice to invoke.  
Ye sons of earth, who now are honour'd here,  
The chosen council of this central sphere;  
No feelings of revenge with me obtain;  
Yet I submit that he be sent again  
To the internal moon's dull gloomy plain,  
There to reflect and mend, ere entering heaven,  
The thousand ages by his sentence given.  
Conq'rors can never of advantage be  
To mortal man, or serve humanity."  
The house assented, and the verdict given,  
When he'd his trial in the verge of heaven,  
Once more confirm'd. The tyrant heard: his fall  
Resounded in the diamond paved hall:  
His heavy bulk, unpurified from sin,  
Gross, and unwieldy to the soul within,  
He raised in fear; loath to be ta'en away  
To regions strangers to the light of day.  
So the fierce tiger on hot Indus' plains  
Of blood insatiate, long a tyrant reigns,  
Till he the powerful elephant assails,  
When mightier strength o'er savage force prevails;  
He falls deep-wounded in the fatal fray,  
And howling, helpless, drags his limbs away.

The next, beneath the helmet's crested pride,  
Came Alexander, long with fame allied,  
And still its dupe; though less so than the fools  
Who praise such scourges 'gainst all reason's rules.  
With a bold confidence he thus began,  
To say what services he'd render'd man.  
"My splendid conquests in far distant lands,  
Uncheck'd by forests drear, or burning sands,  
Disseminated, through whole empires wide,  
Arts civilized; and turn'd the dangerous tide  
Of fierce barbarian enemies aside,  
Far from my native Greece; thus serving man,  
Where'er my wide-spread flood of victory ran;  
While I my own and country's glories raised,  
Till our exploits long future ages praised."  
A member rose, in light prismatic dress'd,  
(Which did, in Asia's mode, his limbs invest,)  
And to the haughty candidate replied,—  
"Think not thy motives from this house to hide:  
Thy conquests which wide Asia's plain's o'erran,  
Regarded but thyself; thou treatedst man  
As mere material in th' ambitious plan;  
Regardless of humanity and right,  
That thou might'st rise thy wish'd Olympian height.  
Thou, turning wide the strong barbarian flood,  
Becam'st the worst barbarian, shedding blood,  
Not for defence or right, but for a name—  
Where fools will raise blood-guiltiness to fame.  
Thy claim to greatness, haughty son of pride,  
Let Gaza's murders, Betis' fate decide,  
And Tyre's sons massacred or crucified.  
Callisthenes, with tortures, kill'd by thee,  
For saying, truly, thou no god couldst be.



Proves thou wert stranger to true magnanimity.  
Persepolis in flames, the world may shew  
The wanton crimes from drunkenness that flow :  
This more than bestial vice held thee a slave,  
And brought thee in life's prime to an untimely grave."  
Then turning to the house, he said : " I pray  
Ye, chosen members of this senate, say,  
If such desert can meet reward in heav'n,  
Or ev'n relieve him from the sentence given  
When he first on its confine trod? I move  
He the full pains of that just sentence prove—  
Without relief; though yet for numerous years,  
'T is not too long : for he to me appears  
Slow progress in amendment to have made,  
And rather in some things moved retrograde :  
He, in internal earth, will better use  
His time, when he perceives you can refuse."  
Expressive silence gave a full assent,  
While Alexander's eyes on vacancy seem'd bent :  
He like a lion when deprived of prey,  
By intervening fire, walk'd sullenly away.  
The mighty Julius, who had all enslaved  
Beneath his spacious sway ; whose name engraved  
By time, as first of heroes ; whose proud mind,  
Vast, comprehensive, used t' oppress mankind ;  
Call'd from the roll by name, to claim declined.  
He saw the errors of his former ways,  
And, growing wise, ask'd not for heavenly praise.  
He there saw well it should have been his plan,  
To use his power to fix the liberties of man :  
On earth ambition robb'd him of his rest,  
And power abused makes long attended heav'n less  
blest.

Justinian, famed, who held imperial state  
On earth, now came, an humble candidate,  
Proceeded thus his cause to advocate :  
“Through many centuries the voice of fame  
In the Justinian code resounds my name ;  
On stronger grounds I rest my present claim.  
I labour’d much to guard the narrow path,  
And to establish unity of faith ;  
I neither spared persuasion nor the sword :  
I the lost glories of the state restored.”  
To him a member of the house replied,—  
“Some in rebellion may have justly died ;  
But, for Samaria’s sons deprived of breath,  
Twice fifty thousand to unite the faith ;  
For slaughter’d unbelievers, saintly pride  
Ordaining murder, could not be applied,  
(So thy vile creed and practice,) can we say  
Aught good? or will it bear the light of reason’s day?  
’Tis not the ordering to compile a code,  
But acting virtuously that pleaseth God.  
’Tis not th’ establishing with fire and sword  
Thy own construction of the written word,  
That could more righteously make God adored.  
For differing faith, man ne’er should use the rod ;  
Man’s answerable, not to man,—but God.  
As those who piety’s externals use,  
Yet education to the poor refuse,  
Their charity but words ; so thy pretence  
To good superior’s hypocritic insolence,  
That would prescribe to heaven *one* narrow road ;  
And thinks itself to hide from the All-seeing God.”  
The house ordain’d that he return again  
More wisdom to acquire ; as it was plain

True wisdom ne'er could think enslaving mind  
Deserved reward—as serving of mankind.

The Russian Czar who won the name of great,  
Now on the floor appear'd his claims to state;  
And thus he spake: “Born to a throne, I found  
My realm, though vast, was weak, exposed all round:  
My people! ignorance pervaded all:  
None knew to raise the mast, firm, taper, tall,  
Where wings expanded urge o'er ocean wide  
The grand majestic ship that stems the tide;  
That gives to mighty power gigantic hands,  
To reach and conquer wide and distant lands.  
To compass ships, to aid my country's power,  
I sought the building art upon each nautic shore.  
I drove th' exulting foe far from my land,  
And conquest gave,—to others' fates command.  
I raised so high th' imperial Russian state,  
That Europe's general voice proclaim'd me great.  
For this I hope your suffrages to have,  
To share those honours which abound when pass'd  
the grave.”

To him replied the far-famed William Tell,  
By whose true shaft his country's tyrant fell,  
The patriot and the hero, though confined  
His scene of action, proved a noble mind:  
In heav'n rewarded; to its senate sent  
For active wisdom on firm justice bent.  
'Twas thus he spoke: “When thy large realm was found  
Weak and exposed to inroads all around,  
Arms in defence were just. When to remove  
Gross darkness from the land and man improve,  
Thou sought'st for science in a polish'd state,  
This good transplanting to thy own, 'twas great.

But when with nations leagued, thou aim'dst t' oppress,  
 The land judg'd weak from youthful thoughtlessness,  
 (Slave of ambition's littleness of soul,)

Thou would'st unjustly others' rights control;  
 Thou rous'dst the lion Charles: he wildly brave  
 O'erran whole kingdoms, kingdoms freely gave:  
 Aiming at justice, honour's real root,  
 Ev'n he in heav'n now gathers of its fruit.  
 Livonia's people driven far away  
 To Caspian shores (no penitence can pay)  
 Their fault imputed, hate to Russian sway,  
 Thy crime by far more grave: advised recall  
 Adopted late, when perish'd—nearly all:  
 Justice *too late* from its estate doth fall.  
 Violent in wrong, but cold and slow in right,  
 Thou madest men miserable with thy might.  
 Thou thought'st to make the neighb'ring nations yield;  
 To paint false honours on thy blazon'd field.  
 What good to man t' extend thy kingly state?  
 Thou gavest not freedom, which makes truly great!  
 Such is the madness which too often springs  
 From the too frequent ignorance of kings.  
 Laws international, when just, will give  
 To smallest powers all rights which mightiest states  
 receive."

Addressing then the members congregate,  
 He said,—“Your wisdom will decide his state;  
 Whether to rest as by the first award,  
 Or that his actions shall, in your regard,  
 Some recompence deserve.” Another rose  
 And said,—“Reward, I firmly shall oppose.  
 His motives what? More power to acquire  
 At men's expense; and guard they rose not higher

In mental excellence and liberty;  
To base on ignorance stern tyranny.  
I now propose, and feel quite confident,  
From your known wisdom, of a full assent,  
He to the sphere he's sentenced to return,  
Where he the gen'ral rights of man may learn;  
Learn too that kings who liberty have riven  
From man, have torn from him the noblest gift of  
heaven;

That this, so far from earning a reward,  
Sends men to where corrective punishments are  
shared."

A solemn silence full approval gave.  
The claimant seem'd as sinking to his grave;  
Or like a freeman just become a slave.  
This made him understand, what others feel,  
Who cannot bend a monarch's heart of steel.

A greater far was now proposed by one  
Not many years in heaven—"Washington,"  
He said: "the brave and good had driven far  
The stern oppressor, in defensive war;  
Maintain'd true liberty throughout the state;  
And open'd to his land a glorious fate.  
Son of events, a patriot firm he stood,  
Feeding the land with streams of hostile blood:  
For merits such as these, sure he may claim,  
As great on earth, the first of heav'nly fame."

A member rose who was of Negro race,  
Possessing now that handsomeness of face,  
That would surprise the selfish prejudice  
Of Europeans, long in beauty nice.  
He said,—“Who, equal-handed justice wave,  
Indignant to be slaves, yet will enslave,

Are false and selfish friends of liberty;  
And where their int'rest draws they slaves will be,  
The vilest slaves—so being voluntarily !  
Av'rice of wealth and avarice of power  
Are destined to restrain and bring their glories lower.”

A second rose of th' hardy Copper race,  
Which now to European force and fraud gives place.  
“ Could man his happiness and freedom rate  
Proportion'd to th' extension of the state,”  
He said, “ still 'twere unjust that he should try  
To govern all beneath earth's spacious sky ;  
For freedom to each state is just the same,  
And all who would oppress are equally to blame.  
The patriotism Europeans boast,—  
A virtue limited ! and oftentimes lost ;  
Noble its country's tyrants to oppose,  
Or draw the sword against attacking foes ;  
But when encroaching upon others' land,  
Their rights to seize, and ev'n their wills command—  
It straight becomes a woe-creating crime,  
The curse of conq'ers and the conquer'd through all  
time.

Why did they not assimilate with us,  
Giving their knowledge for our land, and thus  
Be just ? Ours are as honest and as brave ;  
They ne'er as slaves submit ! they ne'er enslave !  
United states and colonies should be  
All equal in their laws and liberty  
And rights : these of the freest and the best ;  
Men, then, for change would not give peace and rest.  
The hero now proposed, fought for his own  
And people's liberty, but did not crown

These noble deeds : how noble ! had he join'd  
The rights and liberties of all mankind !  
I move, for the full time ordain'd, that he  
His present government retain, to see  
What Indians, Negroes are, with rational liberty."  
The wise proposer gave assent, and all  
Th' assembled theirs—in silence unequivocal.

A shining meteor of still later days,  
The scourge of men, but yet their theme of praise,  
Appear'd to claim those honours none can seize !  
The child of military circumstance,  
And revolution of ebullient France ;  
Buoy'd on th' enthusiastic flood, he rose,  
With it, to power scarce nations could oppose :  
Till a mis-calculé made him comprehend  
How weak is man 'gainst nature to contend :  
In fortune's name she scourges human pride ;  
The mighty oft have fallen ere they died.  
What motley greatness kingly caprice makes :  
Or that which chance of birth, or death, awakes ;  
Genius is God's own work, and heav'nly light partakes :  
Those to the darkness of oblivion hie,  
But this, the child of light, shall never die ;  
But leave a mark, its aims on virtue placed,  
When every trace of conquest is effaced.  
Great virtue is man's own nobility :  
Talent is nature's, dealt not sparingly ;  
But much neglected a rich desert lies,  
While its possessor after folly flies :  
Thus virtuous wives, where passion men beguiles,  
Deserted are for meretricious wiles ;  
The false pursued with eager, fatal haste,  
While life and its best joys run out to waste :

So he, the claimant here of heav'nly state,  
On earth embraced the lauded, splendid, not the great.

Apprised, the good in mortal life he'd done,  
Should to th' assembled senators be known,  
He said : " A soldier fortunate, I led  
Armies to conquest, France's glory spread  
Through Europe's warlike states ; whose fates then lay  
At my command. I seized the imperial sway ;  
To curb the turbulent, and bend to law  
Wild anarchy ; and from confusion draw  
Those num'rous armies levied to restrain  
The cunning Russ within his wide domain ;  
That central Europe might e'er rest secure  
From northern hordes, and barb'rous touch impure :  
Thus peace internal and external give,  
That all might happy 'neath my empire live.  
Such are my merits, glorious in extent,  
For good I did,—still more for good I meant."

The sage Confucius rose, and thus observed  
(He who, so well, of old, mankind had served  
By wisdom's rules, had highest honours held) :  
" My brother senators, I am compell'd,  
By such audacity, to silence break,  
And with reluctance on war's woes to speak.  
China's vast empire tells the cheering truth,  
War is not needful for their growth in youth,  
Or, in full age of nations, for their weal :  
The arts of peace most lasting unions seal.  
War the disgrace of reason ! thus of man !  
False glory's ladder since mankind began.  
Armies, those vast machines of men, that can  
By one be moved, to fell destruction turn'd,  
To wasting countries, seeing cities burn'd,



To mangling fellow-men: the tyrant's game,  
Where millions fall, to raise one sounding name.  
Thus earthly nations in disputes engage,  
And horrid war's destroying tempests rage,  
Till, when annihilation threatens man,  
All end impoverish'd, weak, worse than they first began.  
Count but the youth he draughted o'er and o'er,  
Till a vain nation bled at every pore,  
And though th' ill-judging lauded while they bled,  
By their short sight of a false glory led,  
'Twas crime in him to make whole nations sad,  
And punish all, because the vain were mad.  
To raise a dynasty, to fix a throne,  
Some blast all bliss around,—in it their own:  
Such glory passes like the meteor's train,  
A short, bright, wasting fire, that's never seen again.  
It is the tyrant's trick, in fever'd times,  
While the land's torn with rage, and dark with crimes,  
To take advantage of the boiling blood,  
And seize on power, pretending public good;  
Then strike their roots in every villain's mind,  
Who'll sell his rights, and those of human kind:  
With such materials they their structures raise,  
To shield their power, and echo paid for praise.  
Away with national glory's false pretence,  
Thus would sly knaves mislead man's common sense:  
As th' unfair fisher light deceitful keeps,  
T' attract the simple tenants of the deeps  
To capture, death; so such false glare confounds  
Unthinking man, till slavery them astounds.  
Excessive greediness, so much condemn'd  
In man, is not in conquerors condemn'd;

But, by base slaves, glorious ambition named :  
What noble minds despise by such is famed."

Then turning to the candidate, he said,—  
" Raised by republicans to be their head,  
Thou form'dst an empire; thy opposers bled.  
True, thou hadst talents to adorn a crown,  
So thousands had who fell unpraised, unknown :  
Possess great talents, men from nature can,  
But their good use is what ennobles man.  
From real honour, ah ! how far away !  
Greatness which costs ten thousand men a day ;  
Such oft was thine : thus haughty Genghis Khan,  
And Tamerlane, who half the world o'erran,  
Swept all with tempests of fierce cavalry ;  
Thou with enthusiastic infantry,  
And murderous thunders of artillery.  
Behold your tracks ! see famine, anarch's crimes,  
Added to millions slain : to future times,  
These shall proclaim you curses upon man,  
Ambition's monsters, thwarting justice, reason's plan.  
Behold th' artillery in th' inhuman strife,  
(Where each discharge from numbers taketh life,)  
Break the close squares; these closing quickly, keep  
Out the swift horseman that like whirlwinds sweep  
To the attack, presenting tubes of fire,  
Which vomit leaden deaths, and men and beasts expire :  
These foil'd, retreat : again th' artillery plays,  
Again the horse attempt the open'd ways,  
Again are foil'd ; yet still the horsemen dare,  
Where the artillery breaks the human square.  
Thus 'ttempting, thus repulsed, all waste away  
In the fierce strife to gain the blood-stain'd day ;

Call'd glorious by the chief, who loved the sight,  
And in cool blood exclaim'd—'they beautifully fight !'  
'T were demons' sport, had heav'n such beings sent,  
Or aught like man on such false glory bent ;  
So fell, so murd'rous, of such dire intent :  
But man, sole fiend, delights such scenes to see,  
And praise, and practise such dread cruelty.  
Yea ! this is man ! man against man in strife !  
The only reas'ner takes his brothers' life  
On system : reason—go ! boast thou no more,  
While worse than brutes thou usest higher power,  
    " The days approach when men no more will be  
Fools of false glory, or, of such as thee ;  
When all will light their lamps at reason's shrine,  
And learn, that all men's rights are equally divine :  
Then will this certain truth fair peace prolong—  
That 't is more glorious to be just than strong.  
Thy power (but used for common private ends),  
Had made mankind for all thy crimes amends,  
Hadst thou applied it to confirm the free,  
Thy code providing, and seen fix'd by thee,  
On broad and firm foundations, liberty.  
Hadst thou this way to truest greatness seen,  
Thus done ! no selfish views to intervene,  
Glorious amidst ten thousand Cæsars thou hadst been.  
As nature, with volcanoes, earthquakes heaves  
Land—time, winds, rains, have levell'd to the waves ;  
By these are lifted, and by those are hurl'd  
On high, her matter meant to renovate a world :  
Thus mightest thou have used thy power to form  
The revolution's renovating storm  
To human good, to solid liberty,  
Where only just laws reign, and every man is free.

Failing in this! Justice commands, I move  
That thou returnest where thou may'st improve;  
As justly thy first sentence doth provide,  
And these approving bows on every side."

Whilst thus he spake each member's form was bent  
In silent signal of a full assent.

Unquestioning the hero walk'd away,  
His soul subdued could brook no longer stay:  
The eagle thus, that sees, beyond the wave,  
A noble quarry which he longs to have,  
Beholding man, who guards th' intended prey,  
Foregoes his pounce design'd, and glides away.

The manly Hampden, who a court withstood,  
And seal'd pure patriotism with noble blood;  
Brave, wise, and just, best soldier of the state,  
And the most listen'd to in warm debate;  
Then men's dependence, as he's now their pride,—  
He oped the way to liberty, and died.  
Now rising in the senate of the sun,  
Where his new race of glory had begun;  
He said—"I need not to your notice bring  
The well-earned honours of the English king—  
Alfred: whose mind, congenial to your own,  
Toil'd for and aim'd at human good alone;  
Saw there the duty of his first estate:  
'Tis heaven's wide field where man is truly great.  
Defensive war, the only just, he waged,  
And with success his country's foes engaged;  
A navy raised, the arm which best defends,  
And the least applicable to tyrannic ends.  
He foster'd commerce in its infant state,  
And, had the age allow'd, had made it great.

He, learning's friend, provided for its weal,  
And travell'd in its paths with manly zeal;  
The seeds diffusing, cherishing with care  
The plants, then scarce and difficult to rear.  
'Gainst the temptation of despotic power,  
He, strictly by the laws of justice, bore  
His rule; thought men were made to brothers be,  
And that the wisest of mankind is he  
Who best fulfils this task. With liberty,  
He light to the oppressed nations gave,  
And into man uprear'd the trembling slave.  
He taught 'men should as their own thoughts be free.  
In mind and person have full liberty;  
The mind and actions free, all is man's own,  
For every good combines to rational freedom crown.  
From rational, not savage liberty,  
Each blessing rises, rich, luxuriant, fruitful, free.  
As justice is the parent, root, of all  
'That vital good which mortals virtues call,—  
So reason's liberty will e'er contain  
All that is good and great to grace her train.  
“Succeeding times had nearly lost the germ,  
From want of union and from acts infirm;  
But like those seeds which long will rest in earth,  
And wait the plough or spade to call them forth,  
Its seeds immortal, through the nation spread,  
At every turn still push'd th' aspiring head,  
Made population rapidly increase,  
And all the enterprising arts of peace;  
Embraced th' American, th' Australian lands,  
Wide Asia's fruitful plains, and Afric's burning sands  
There, irresistibly, its strength'ning roots  
Shall perforate and crack, with vig'rous shoots,

Each edifice of tyranny, to raze  
 Their deep foundations, and sound freedom's praise  
 In every breathing wind, through every note,  
 As all the waving branches in their breezes float.  
 Now rooted deep, and spreading wide, no more  
 False glory's sound and glitter bring men o'er  
 To be their own destroyers; nor prepare  
 Nations and men—as workshops—implements of war.

“Now that the light of liberty is strong,  
 Men see too clearly right, to suffer long  
 Those evils of misgovernment, which spring  
 From mobs tyrannic, or a tyrant king.  
 To man 't was given, when his race began;  
 Through Cadmus' mighty mind its fountain ran;  
 In Greece, uncertainly, 't was dull or bright,  
 Too ignorant the guardians of the light,  
 A thoughtless multitude, oft led astray  
 By sophists' torches from the brilliant way:  
 In Rome it shed but partial, feeble rays,  
 Confined to few, whose object was to raise  
 Their country in themselves, themselves the most,  
 While a world's liberty should pay the cost:  
 In Alfred seen, strong, steady, warm, and bright;  
 The press, reflecting this in all its light,  
 Diffusive gives it to the world around,  
 Where'er the British language's manly sound  
 Is heard; where'er her colonies we find,  
 And, too, where'er bright truth inspires the thinking  
 mind.

The changing of the axis of the earth  
 May bury old, and give new regions birth;  
 Here sink a continent, there others raise,  
 Till man's famed works, historians, poets praise,

Be lost below the ocean's lowest deep,  
 And in th' oblivion of long ages sleep;  
 Yet so intense, so closely, widely spread  
 Its light, that what historians, poets shed  
 From remnant corners of the earth, shall shine  
 Again o'er all,—for ever living, pure, divine.  
 With sage experience men will surely find  
 The best of governments for weak mankind,  
 Administered well, unexpensively,  
 Is limited, hereditary monarchy;  
 Where liberty is fixed, expansive, full,  
 A king the pivot of the people's rule.  
 Great Alfred must for ever honoured be;  
 Unlimited he held the just, the free;  
 The true philanthropist, befriending liberty.  
 I to this truth would your attention call,—  
 Who gives true liberty, gives learning, riches, all!  
 "I now propose, as his reward, be given  
 The Presidency of the Solar Heaven;  
 Should none more worthy of the honour be  
 Presented here. I pause.—No claimants see.  
 With awe, in Justice's name I him present,  
 And hope he'll meet unanimous assent."  
 The assentient "ay" was but a single sound,  
 Full, son'rous, soft, that made the hall resound.  
 Bright in the virtues of a thousand years,  
 Alfred upon the diamond floor appears.  
 The president arose, and thus address'd  
 The perfect form that scarce the pavement press'd:  
 "Thou earn'dst on earth the highest glories known,  
 By doing good; receive now in the sun  
 The highest, brightest which the system gives  
 (Where justice has due meed for each that lives),

The presidency which now honours me,  
 My term expired, most justly given to thee:  
 Accept with gratitude, as I'll resign,  
 Supremely blest that it hath once been mine."

Alfred replied, "Thus honour'd, chosen by you,  
 May I still active virtue's course pursue,  
 And place its honours where they're justly due:  
 Encourage thankfulness to God, and praise,  
 And to His justice pealing anthems raise.  
 While in your love and friendship I rejoice,  
 Oh! may th' All-Righteous God approve your choice."

This prayer was answer'd by a gracious sign;—  
 A brilliant wreath of light, superb, divine,  
 Descending settled on his honour'd head,  
 Which, ev'n in solar light, a deeper radiance shed.

While all admired, a light more brilliant still  
 Suffused all round; all felt th' ecstatic thrill  
 Of joy divine. As by one impulse moved,  
 All rose and hymn'd the God of All! by all beloved!

"OMNIFIC GOD! OMNIPOTENT! ALL-WISE!  
 THOU, unconfined to form or place! all eyes  
 Are bent on THEE! above all thought sublime!  
 THOU! inconceivable! as end to time,  
 Or boundaries to space! In bounties rife,  
 AUTHOR of laws which give all beings life:  
 Creating man, who with eternity  
 Of power increasing, will thus ever be  
 Advancing in the knowledge still of THEE,—  
 And worlds unnumber'd which THY laws obey;  
 At each advance, be more convinced he may  
 Proceed for ever in this glorious way.  
 SOURCE of all bliss—of mind supreme delight,  
 THOU UNIVERSAL SUN OF MENTAL LIGHT!



There ne'er was man who sought THEE could not find;  
 'T were to be doubly blind—in eyes and mind;  
 For THOU, in mighty characters art read  
 Throughout all space, in all its depths outspread,  
 Studded in suns and systems all around;  
 Nor there alone,—in all that tread the ground,  
 Divide the sea or air, thy power is found;  
 These, with each tree, each shrub which yieldeth shade,  
 And modest blade of grass proclaim—we're not self-  
 made.

Now is THY glorious emanation seen,  
 Passing from central systems, firm, serene,  
 To others numberless, THOU givest place  
 In THY vast regions of unbounded space;  
 And that great centre of th' astounding whole,  
 Whence THY WILL firmness gives—and the all-  
 moving soul.

ALL-BOUNTEOUS and ALL-JUST! to THEE we owe  
 That we eternally more perfect grow;  
 Our thanks—eternal thanks! we give to THEE—  
 SOLE ALL-INTELLIGENT, OMNIFIC DEITY!"

The mighty chorus my 'rapt soul astounds,  
 O'ercome, and lost, in loud harmonious sounds;  
 And with the thoughts—none more these truths dis-  
 trust—

Man free—forms his own fate—and God is just.  
 Aroused with awe, that I, to earth confined,  
 Advent'rously, though with the humblest mind,  
 Had, with poetic vision, dared to see  
 That glorious state where virtuous man will be  
 Immortal as his God—and only less than HE.

THE END.



